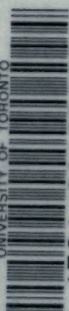


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THE GIRL OF THE NEW DAY

BY

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*Author of three volumes of "Bible Lessons for Schools" on "Genesis",
"Exodus", and "The Acts of the Apostles".*

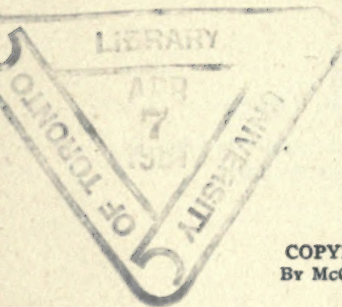


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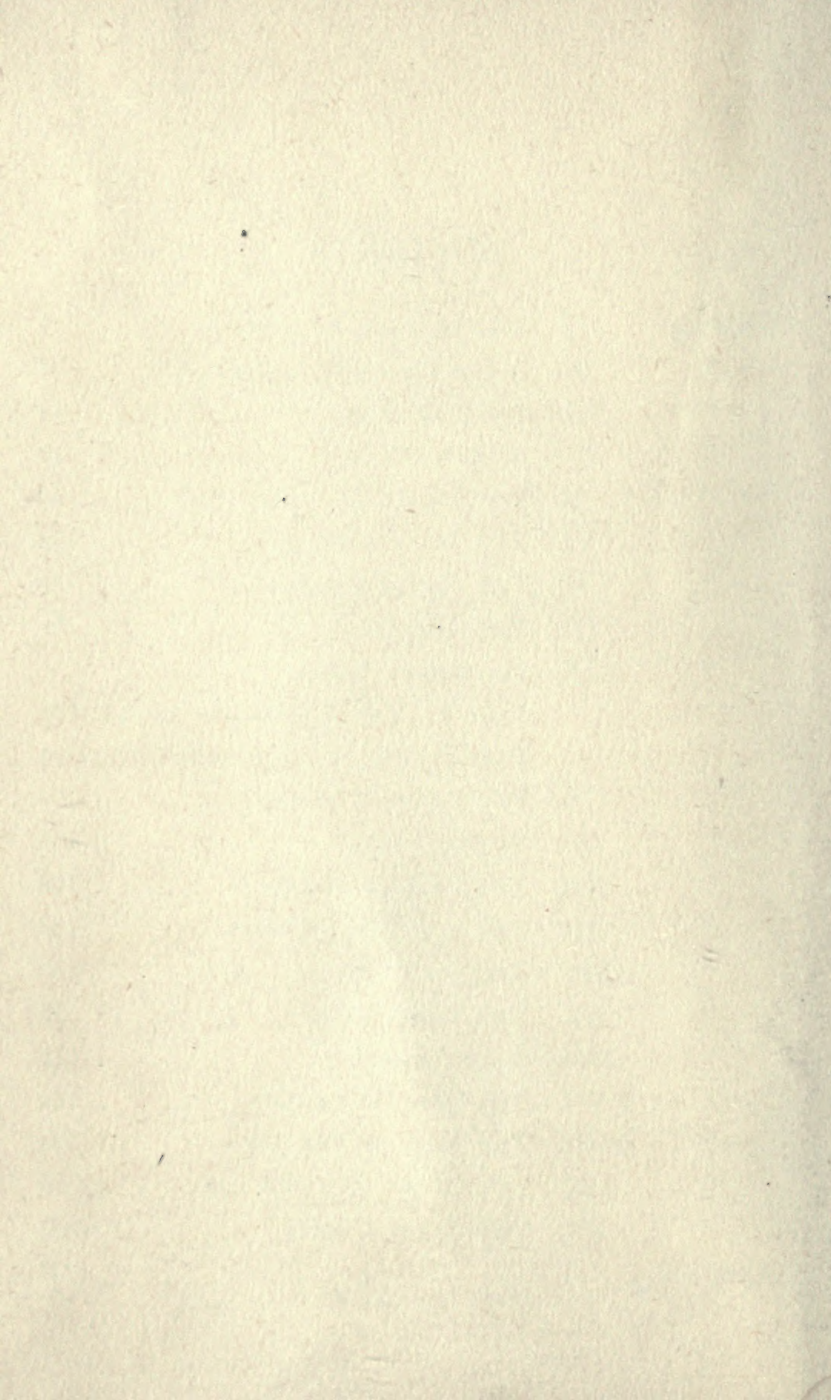
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PRINTED IN CANADA

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PREFACE

SOME years past a man on a far away Ranch in Western Canada turned to me saying "What am I to do? We are out of reach of Sunday School and friends—tell me of a book which will give my girl a wider outlook, which will open her eyes to her chances in life."

The thought of that girl on her lonely farm recurred to me time and again till at length I decided to write down practically as spoken, one after another of my talks with my girls. I am conscious that I might have gone further, that I might have touched a few more of the outstanding professions, a few more of the stirring girl-problems of to-day. I have only steered, so to speak, from island to island in the ever-widening sea of women's activities.

But the line of approach, after all, is the same in every profession. One can but try to give a glimpse, a vision. One can but seek to remind the girl of this twentieth century that the real Canada of the new day, like the Canada of the past, will be ruled, not by dollars and cents, but by what tells infinitely more than dollars and cents, men and women who, like Sir

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Walter Raleigh, "can toil terribly," who understand
clean play, above all, men and women, who

"Can plainly see
Beyond this world and take their fill
Of things that lasting be."

I thank the many friends who have lighted the
path which they themselves have trodden and have
made my task possible.

ELLEN M. KNOX.

HAVERGAL COLLEGE,

Toronto.

September 2, 1919.

CHAPTER I.

THE LINE OF THE HEIGHT

EVERY pulse is stirring and every heart leaping,
since

“Peace came with radiant feet,
And blew her trumpet in the street,
And bade each choose his rainbow stair.”

That cry rings out a most joyful challenge, and all the more because it comes at the very moment when you are longing for it. For school days are past and you are on the brink of a new life, half sorry, half glad that the old sunny, care-free time of your first girlhood is gone forever. The day is at hand when you must “play up, play up, and play the game” of a wider life. But no matter how thrilling the future may be, you hate leaving the merry crowd of boys and girls who have hitherto made the sunshine of your life. They are drifting off some one way and some another, until so far as your own particular generation is concerned, “the school yard’s trampled square” will lie “empty, desolate and bare.”

You, too, are at a turning point and must choose your way. But what if a rainbow stairway already casts its clear light ahead of you? What if duty calls and a home task is allotted to you? That duty will undoubtedly prove itself a stairway of light, provided only that like the Castilian gentleman who “chooses

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not his task but chooses to do it well," you in your turn choose not your task but choose to do it well.

But what if you are free and stairway after stairway is still gleaming vividly before your eyes? Then, indeed, you must stop and think. It is true, Mrs. Poyser, in "Adam Bede," reckoned thinking but a poor subterfuge for idleness. "If you could make a puddin' wi' thinkin' o' the batter it 'ud be easy gettin' dinner." But even shrewd old Mrs. Poyser spent many a long hour arguing with Dinah over the rival claims of professional and home life.

But how are you to gauge your own capacity? That is by no means easy. It is said that if you want to realize the possibilities of a top hat you must follow an Eton boy on his way to his pet tuck shop nestling under the castle walls of the ancient town of Windsor. It is there as you see him skilfully blockading, by the aid of a judiciously manipulated newspaper, a bag of some half dozen sponge cakes in the innermost recesses of that hat, that you begin to discover its capacity.

Life to you no longer consists in scouring the woods for blackberries in summer and "cracking the whip" on the ice in winter. Take it this way. You are, so to speak, at a half way house on the mountain side looking down at the peaks already surmounted, and up at the sterner heights still ahead of you. The pathway of your ambition stretches across those heights pure and white as a quivering gleam of light. But you tremble lest even with the best inten-

THE LINE OF THE HEIGHT

tion in the world you should find at the summit that you have left a line of grey, of disappointment to yourself and to everyone you touch, in place of a ray of shimmering light.

Why should you fail? Two dangers are ahead of you. It may be that you fear that you will never thread your way through the frowning maze of peaks because you want your own way in place of God's pathway. Or it may be that you will weary because instead of being "where the struggle is strong," "where the heaviest troops belong," and where you can tell for man and God, your pathway seems comparatively every day and ordinary.

"Not conquest of great cities,
Nor mastery of great seas,
But little loves and pities,
Will be your victories.
Yea, little loves and pities,
And children on their knees."



You forget that there is no "ordinary" in generous care, "no every day" in lads sent forth, fearless, faithful, loving, true.

But no matter what your future, think out for your own sake and your comrade's sake the claims of the varying professions, and balance them according to your own particular strength and weakness. In doing so, consider further the path in which you can stand out for others as well as for yourself, where you can.

"Do what the other asks so soon as the need is known,"
"And hand in hand can make a stand which neither could
make alone."

THE GIRL OF THE NEW DAY

And above all, choose a stairway leading not so much to the zenith of your dreams as to the gateway of Heaven, the stairway where Christ stands

“The Captain of your fate,
“The Master of your soul.”

A DAY DREAM

CHAPTER II.

A DAY DREAM OF CANADA

WHILST you were looking up and down the mountain track you never noticed that Canada, with all the merriment of a beautiful girl not quite grown up, was peeping over your shoulder. She kept whispering and trying to make you understand that she, too, has a long white trail, leaping over sun-burnt field and prairie, with here and there a dark blot upon it; that she, too, has a glistering line of the future, pure and free as her own ice-clad peaks of the Rockies. She is wanting to know how far your trail will be her trail, how far your life her life. She tells you it is easy enough to sing "The Maple Leaf" and feel a glow of pride in Canada, but it is more to the purpose to take up the burden of the women who went before you, who toiled, hemmed in by the everlasting trees, who wearied in the loneliness by day, and shuddered at the howling of the wolves by night.

If you are out West you think you have a hard time of it, but is it equal to that of the women of old? You never dream of creating everything with your own hands, of making your own candles and soap, spinning your own clothes, carrying your wheat forty miles on your back to the mill. You never try to live with open fires, chopping the frozen bread and milk

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for breakfast. Thank God you have the inventions of the twentieth century around you.

How did the women of old days stand it? At times they despaired, at others they worked bravely on, inspired by the belief that Canada was, as they expressed it, "a giant in its cradle." How far do you share their opinion?

Do you really glory in the gigantic space around you? Do you realize that Germany, Austria, Hungary, instead of tearing the world asunder, might have been safely dumped, (thank Heaven they were not), in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and been none too crowded at that?

How far have you gloried in the unique position of Canada? When you were standing, for instance, in Vancouver, did you realize that you were in a kind of giant's causeway, at the connecting link of the old world and the new? As you watched the Empress steamers crossing the Pacific, did you see the vision of the world commerce, which one day might be speeding across that Pacific and in at her gates, if, as Statesmen tell us, Vancouver hereafter becomes a leading metropolis of the world?

Have you gloried in the marvel of our coast line? Did you realize as your steamer threaded its way up to the Yukon that if you had had a giant's spool of thread you might have spun a long line up the Western coast one summer and down the Eastern coast another, and found at the end that you had a thread long enough to wind half way round the circumfer-

A DAY DREAM

ence of the world itself? What would the quarrelling nations overseas give for a spoolful, so to speak, of that same thread.

A traveller crossing the prairies a little while ago bent forward to the stranger opposite and cried out, "If Canada is so wonderful, why has God kept it empty all these years?" That is the very problem which none of us can answer, the problem which sets us "a thynkinge, a thynkinge, a thynkinge."

The war has been giving us a first idea as to solving it. Where would the nations, exhausted by hunger and desolation, have been but for the golden stream of life-giving wheat which has poured forth from our prairies? What would have been the issue of a battle such as that of Ypres but for our hardy, Northerners bred in a clear-cut frosty clime, men determined that the quarrel for the Right was their quarrel, the God of the Right their God?

How can we keep our country strong and pure? We can learn many practical lessons. We can build houses outside the city limit and bring them by swift locomotion within easy range. We can encourage farmers' wives by labor-saving devices, by telephones, and libraries, to settle permanently on their farms and hold out a hand of good fellowship to one another. We can turn saloons into tea houses and build recreation halls of the right type, with movies and music. We can demand newspapers educating morally and spiritually as well as physically. We can put the Bible back in its lawful place and study it as

THE GIRL OF THE NEW DAY

a court of appeal in University and school. We can deepen the spiritual life of our Churches, and instead of quarrelling, realize that these varying churches are but fingers of the one hand pointing to Christ.

These are mighty changes, too mighty it may be for some of us older, grey-headed people, but not one whit too mighty for you young girls of the New Day, if only you will enlist whole-heartedly in the struggle, if only you will place yourselves at the strategical point where you can serve your country best.

But you say, Why not take life as it comes, why worry? It is that very taking life as it comes which has already wasted so much energy in Canada.

I am not thinking at this moment of the women of old days who gloried in the consciousness of being misfits; of women like the famous Mrs. Junk, who shouldered her pitchfork as cheerfully by day as she headed a table with priceless blue china at night, and after dinner regaled her guests with the choicest music, a hen sitting under the piano in a basket at her feet and a brood of chickens roosting on top. I am dealing rather with what may be called the real tragedies, the scholarly men, wrestling with a plow-share along a wayward furrow till, gasping for breath, they sat down at the forest edge to solace themselves for a few moments with an Ode from a beloved Horace drawn out of their pockets.

I am thinking of women, like the scholarly Mrs. Moodie, who struggled against her fate and placed on record on the one hand her desolation, "the rush-

A DAY DREAM

ing of the stream against the stones which choked its passage, a mournful type of my own mental struggles against the strange destinies which hemmed me in"; and on the other her joy at release. "My store of dandelion roots for the winter's supply of coffee having just been gathered in, I literally fainted for joy and fell on my knees at a direct gift from Heaven, a letter offering my husband a post as sheriff."

I am thinking of women more spirited even than Mrs. Moodie. "Alexander, I refuse to gather potatoes any longer." "Why so," cries her husband, "If we gather potatoes we can at the least exist." "You can exist, I will not," she retorts, and forthwith packs the children and chattels into the wagons, treks her way to York and keeps school till her husband frees himself, follows her, and wins his way to the foremost ranks of the Legislature.

But the question is How are you to beat your way forward? You may, perchance, be discovered by a Pericles, a leader who handpicks his officers, a man who creates great hospitals, stores, Universities. But if a Pericles never comes your way, what then? Are you to turn to the first quack who offers to read your hand, or to the spiritualist who will give you hypnotic guidance?

"Oh! the road to Endor is the oldest road
And the craziest road of all.
Straight it runs to the witch's abode,
As it did in the days of Saul,
And nothing has changed the sorrow in store,
For such as go down on the road to Endor."

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Let us hope that the day is not far off, indeed is at hand, when the Principal of every leading College will reckon it a first duty, as to day in a celebrated College at Boston, to interview his students and advise them as to their life work. Till that time comes unfortunately the responsibility lies largely with yourselves, and it is in the thought of that responsibility that I am now writing. I want you to find out your strong points and your weak points, and bearing these in mind to think out the strong points and weak points of the professions which are calling you. I know it is bewildering and hard. You will look first at one and then at the other till you feel like the poor Dutchman who cried, "if ziss is tea give me coffee, and if ziss is coffee give me tea." You feel almost as if it would be a relief if you could fall into the hands of a tyrant like M. Paul in "Villette," who would lock you up in a tower till you had made up your mind, even though that locking up involved beetles, rats and ghosts.

What are the broad lines determining your choice? You are quite clear upon certain points. You are not going to settle down on the one legged stool of your father's money. You are not going to choose a profession which takes you no where, a blind alley, which will be of no more service in your hour of need than an extra tie in place of a great coat in keeping you warm some zero evening. You are not going to follow the whim of the moment, like your little brother who declares he will be a porter in order that

A DAY DREAM

he may slam doors, or a plumber so that he may work where nobody can find out his mistakes. You are going to guard against the whim of the moment, against being carried away by the first soft snap which comes near you. Neither do you intend drifting. You are not going to spend your best years waiting for marriage, like Mr. Micawber waiting for something to turn up, and discover when you are twenty-five that it is extremely difficult to learn a profession, and that it is practically impossible when you are thirty.

“Remember how we tarried,
Till sudden night fall dallied,
And keep you a better day.”

If you want to succeed, take advice, but take it carefully. Turner began life as a barber because the Turners had been barbers for generations, and would never have painted but for a customer discovering a painting he had made on a silver salver. Your three wisest advisers will be your father, mother and teacher. Talk the matter over fearlessly with them, and after talking and making up your mind, like Opie the painter, set to work and “mix your colors with your brains.”

There is no joy like finding out your duty, no advice sounder than the Scotchwoman's farewell to her husband going overseas: “Now there's yer train, Jock; in ye get, and see and do yer duty.”

But Canada is pouting and wearying of the long disquisition and thinking we have forgotten all about

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her. But we have not forgotten in the least. The truth is, the happier you are the better you can serve her, and the more truly you do your duty the more truly you can help your country.

Your brother and his comrades not only lived but, alas, it may be, died for Canada, and the white crosses like shafts of light glistening mile after mile on Flanders Field are so many question marks asking how far you intend to live and sacrifice yourself for Canada.

There is all the difference in the world between living *in* and living *for* a country. In summer days you live *in* a hotel at the lakes but that hotel is neither here nor there to you. But during the winter you live not only *in* your home but *for* your home, and every stick and stone of it is dear to you, and you want to make it and keep it at its best. Now is the day when everyone is thinking and moving, when the country is dividing itself into two camps, the men and women who are slipping back into old-time traditions, the old-time self-pleasure, and the men and women who are following the Fiery Cross, that Cross which is

"Speeding forth
To the purging of men's lives,
The Cross which Christ is bearing
Through the troubled earth,
To quicken life to nobler birth."

You will have to choose between the two camps,
for

A DAY DREAM

"Down the long, dim corridor of Time
God's Word reverberates.

"Choose you this day."

The climbing road leads up to God
The easier way leads down to death
And ruin and decay."

Which way will you choose? Every tap of a soldier's crutch on the pavement is the record of a choice, a challenge to know how far you in your turn are living, giving, sacrificing for Canada.

THE GIRL OF THE NEW DAY

CHAPTER III.

A SOUND MIND

BUT if the Fiery Cross is speeding forth, if it is quickening you and every high-minded girl to nobler birth, the question is: Are you prepared for sacrifice as you follow it along your Pathway of the Heights? That is the question which you will have to think out in the following chapters. It is enough for you at the moment to know that you are quivering in every fibre and conscious that you are at the psychological moment of your life. You can step forward, for the dark dread is gone, the feeling even at Red Cross Meetings that you were

“Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.”

Hope is springing up in its place, a hope so strong and so indescribable that if you tried to put it into words you find only a kind of Alice in Wonderland doggerel:

“The rising bell is ringing
And the green young peas are springing.”

But whether you define it or not, you know that you are coming to your own, that you are called to take part in a new day, and that you are intensely wanted for that day. There is nothing uphill nor

A SOUND MIND

down dale so delightful as being wanted. You knew that the day you found yourself on the First Basket Ball Team, the day you found yourself leading in your Form.

But school adventure seems tame compared with the new adventures everywhere around you, the avenues of work opening out on every side, avenues which a few years ago you never believed could have been possible to you.

“Upon your bended knee, thank God for work—
Work—once man’s penance, now his great reward!
For work to do, and strength to do the work,
We thank Thee, Lord.”

But opportunity spells responsibility, and responsibility calls for power of leadership. Therefore, keep at the “prosaic labor of the file.” You will waste your mental efficiency if you specialize too early, just as you will waste your physical efficiency if you indulge too frequently in lobster salad and pickles.

Secondly, as you train yourself, think out the question of a profession. The Y.M.C.A. in their Standard Efficiency Tests for boys, and the Y.W.C.A. in their Training Tests for girls, give a first idea as to how to ascertain personal strength and personal weakness. Endless blundering and endless sorrow would be averted in this world of ours if every boy and girl learnt in time to measure this. If the ex-Kaiser had listened to his mother’s warning and faced his own weakness, the War might never

THE GIRL OF THE NEW DAY

have been. But, as the Empress said only too truly, no matter how clever he might be, he was incapable of telling the truth even to himself.

The Efficiency Tests stand for wisdom, stature and favor, the characteristics which distinguished our Master Christ. The Y.M.C.A. offers a thousand marks for a sturdy mind, and divides those thousand marks between education in school and education out of school, four hundred for a good Matriculation, six hundred for self-education, home reading, observation and the like.

So far good, but that first four hundred turns not so much upon pure examination results, themselves. Matriculation, after all, is only the outer shell or sign of the better part within. Literature is not a mere definition of words and phrases; it is sitting at the fireside of a Browning, Tennyson and Dickens, and letting the finest of their thoughts and imaginings take possession of your soul. You forget your weariness over a dull list of dates and battles as you listen to the heart beat of history and find how it works itself out in the heroes of the nation. You master patiently your irregular verbs stepping stones to an understanding of the language, and through the language, the heroism of a Joffre and Clemenceau. You groan less over problems and the unfinished mathematical corner of your brain as you learn to solve your life problems with the forethought of the skilled chess player, in place of the haphazard carelessness of the piece-taker.

A SOUND MIND

But is Matriculation so necessary? Supposing, for instance, you live in the country, must you really come into town and spend two or three years passing your examination? I really believe you must. You yourself need the spur of a definite end and definite work to-day just as you will need the enchanted key of Matriculation for opening the doors of the varying professions to-morrow—therefore, take your Matriculation, but take it with questioning thought and questioning eye, the eye of a Rupert Brooke which saw the extraordinary value of everybody he met and of almost everything he saw. It will be a lasting calamity if you get the habit of passing along the road of life with a slack imagination. You were not born that way. From childhood up you loved hearing stories, you loved seeing giants and castles in the glowing fire, dwarfs swinging to and fro in the branches, fairies peeping out of the flowers. You may not see so clearly nowadays the Pucks and Ariels everywhere around you, but as your fairy land of unreality dies out, your fairy land of reality grows, till you find a halo of romance, like a scent of lavender lingering over every path of life. For there is fossil poetry in words, there is romance clinging in the names of storm-beaten capes and silent rivers, names which whisper of the daring pioneers who swept past those capes and christened them in the long ago. There is a charm in every bird and flower, only, alas,

“We pass through the field in gloves
Missing so much and so much.”

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There is a miracle of invention in every factory you pass. There is a glow of imprisoned thought and delicacy of imagination in every book upon your shelves awaiting your eye, just as there is a glow of imprisoned life and sunshine in every bit of coal awaiting release upon your fire. There is a majesty of teeming life and a glory of everlasting burning in every giant star above you. There is a glimpse in every rift of cloud of

“The sunny port you sailed from
So long, so long ago,
Where dawn on golden stairway
Climbed to the world below.

And beyond the swiftly changing cloud and sunshine, beyond the world wonder there is the King in His beauty, the King high and lifted up. It was that last touch of the King in His beauty which Wordsworth felt so vividly one evening by the bedside of his four year old boy. He had been answering, but in vain, the child's eager questioning about God till the little fellow, glancing up at the wind tossing the fir trees, and at the sky and light dancing about in their dark branches, cried out, “There's a bit of Him, I see it there.”

A SOUND BODY

CHAPTER IV.

A SOUND BODY

IT is splendid to find yourself at the end of your school days with a sturdy, wholesome mind. But no matter how great good luck goes with that mind you will not succeed unless you have an equally sturdy, wholesome body. It would be desperate at the end of your school days to find yourself with "a long limp form and a forward lurch," and to know that body need not have been so limp, nor those eyes so strained if you had only given yourself a chance out doors as well as in, in gymnasium and play ground as well as in class room. If the first requisite of your future life is knowledge, the second and equally necessary is the power which gives outlet to that knowledge. For Shakespeare tells us that "if your virtues did not go forth from you 'twere all alike as if you had them not."

Luckily there is little or no difficulty in preaching the gospel of activity to-day. It is a truism to declare that the victories of Flanders were won on the playing fields of great schools, and that the women won their triumphs of daring and endurance

"Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm trees grow."

I want in this present chapter to show you, first,

THE GIRL OF THE NEW DAY

the necessity for emphasizing this strong nerve power, and secondly, that, paradoxical as it may seem, the gain in your power depends, in the last analysis, more upon mental and spiritual conditions even than upon physical conditions.

The chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that you are keen upon out door life and sports. The Christina McNab of to-day is distinctly alive, and has effectually routed the Lydia Languish of yesterday. She cries, "could life be anything but sweet when all is hazardous and new?" She has little or no patience for the ghost of yesterday, the girl who is still intensely interested in herself and who hankers after the soothing ministrations of doctor, nurse and specialist, or the still more soothing sympathy of the crowd, and least of all for the longing for attention, a longing akin to that of the small child who pathetically writes: "Dear Miss X. I have a sore throat, please tell everybody."

But whilst the spirit of yesterday is practically laid, the spirit of to-day has its own danger. The girl of to-day is as infinitely sure of herself as the girl of yesterday was sorry for herself and dashes along like an express train instead of crawling at freight speed. She is keen on a multiplicity of interests, more or less philanthropic, and especially out West, evolves schemes faster than she can digest them. She means to be

"Slim and supple as trees in spring,
Moving along with an easy swing."

A SOUND BODY

But it is her very recklessness, coupled with its twin sister, nervousness, threatening enough at any time, which is most threatening of all these strenuous after war days. The pity of it is that she thus risks her physical power at the very moment when she needs all the strength she can command. For she will be ruthlessly brushed aside in the struggle for work if she is not half way on the road to a profession by the time she is twenty, and all the more ruthlessly if she cannot keep pace because she has frittered away her strength and become practically nerve bankrupt.

But why should her nervous system be in danger to-day? It is easier to keep well in these days of advanced science than ever before. What is the good of doctors, open windows, well-heated houses, cut stay laces, if a girl cannot keep well? What is the good of a crusade against French heels, against clogging her skin with powder, if she is to get nothing out of it? Surely with all our modern civilization and all our discoveries, illness is or ought to be at a diminishing if not at a vanishing point. But alas and alas, the mushroom growth of hospital and sanitarium teaches us that we have only shipped off one set of ills to take on another. We have got rid of the rumbling of the wagon but only to throb under the whirr of the aeroplane. The lawyer is not one whit less rushed for all his telephone and stenographer, and girls are not one whit less rushed for all the ready-made inventions than their predecessors of a century ago.

THE GIRL OF THE NEW DAY

There is no use deploring the fact. You cannot put the clock back, you cannot stop the rush, but you can learn how to meet that rush. You can keep yourself in such perfect condition, through gymnastics and out of door exercises, that in place of worrying, your mind and body will respond like a well-trained race horse to the lightest touch upon them.

The question is "how?" There are endless books written nowadays upon the health question, but, unfortunately, the nervous girl who devotes herself to studying them finishes up by discovering, like "Three men in a Boat," that she is suffering from every possible and impossible disease, save a broken arm or a housemaid's knee. Therefore, in order to meet the "how" it will be better to take a concrete example instead of preaching.

It is a pretty well acknowledged fact that the average girl in a good boarding school gains at least ten pounds a year, and a nurse an average of four pounds. How do you account for the gain? The almost invariable reply is "Regularity."

The boarding school girl and nurse do gain by having definite work. They cannot sleep the clock round one night, and dance the clock half round the next night. Day in, day out they are forced to rouse themselves, they are forced to be alert, responsible, and to put through, each in her own way, a definite piece of work.

If there is little or no gain over the work question, what about sleep? This is no better. The boarding

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school girl gets up earlier than the day girl, and the nurse still earlier. The nurse, moreover, loses desperately over night duty. But both school girl and nurse gain by eliminating dawdling. The "lights out" bell is fatal to picking up first one ribbon and then another, just as it is fatal to reading in bed. Like the old-fashioned saying, "when you are up you are up, and when you are down you are down," when the girls in institutions sleep they sleep, and when they wake they need a pretty shrill bell at rising.

Take next the question of food. The girls tell you there is no gain at all, and that it is hard lines to have no mother to consult their tastes, no mother to cook their particular dainties. But there is a slight gain for, in the first place, they bring the sauce of hunger, and in the second place, they eat whatever is set before them in place of picking out their favourite food and ignoring less exciting, but equally necessary and health-giving varieties. In the third place, they cannot follow up an uninteresting dinner by turning in to a store for "a peach of a time, some cream puffs, and two or three sundæes."

But if the gain over work, food and sleep is very slight, what about the gain over exercise and clothes? The boarding school girl gains by regular gymnastics, walks and games, but the nurse loses by lack of days at the golf links, tennis tournaments and snow-shoeing expeditions. She takes exercise, if you reckon it by the pedometer, by her going to and fro

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in the wards of the hospitals. But that exercise over, she is far too weary as a rule to do anything save sleep in her rest hour, and after supper half the time turns into a movie in place of walking.

Then next as to clothes. The school middy and the hospital uniform are sensible and well ventilated, but the real gain comes over the question of heels. The school girl and nurse stand erect and well balanced on good solid heels, firmly protected by rubber in place of fancy heels.

But take it all in all, make out as good a case as you will, you cannot find much of a gain on any of the great physical essentials of life. School girls and nurses are by no manner of means the only people who take three meals a day at regular hours, and who go to bed early, without dawdling. School girls and nurses are by no manner of means the only people who take fresh air and exercise and wear sensible clothes.

This is the problem which has been puzzling many people for a long time. They know that girls in training gain. They cannot tell exactly where the gain comes in. It is not regularity. How can you call a life regular in which for two months of the year at least night is turned into day and girls sleep and eat any how or no how? Where does the gain come in? The question is intensely practical because we all want to know how other girls, as well as nurses, can gain physical strength, can learn greater self-control, greater freedom from nervousness so as to meet the hurry and strain of to-day.

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If we have failed in answering the question in what may be called the physical region, let us try our luck and step across into what may be called the mental region. It is here for the first time that we really make progress, really touch solid ground. Paradoxical as it may seem, both school girl and nurse gain far more by better mental conditions than by better physical conditions, and they gain on the following grounds.

For brevity's sake let us follow the case of the nurse rather than the student. In the first place, the nurse is under orders, and her work for a year at any rate is largely mechanical. She rejoices in something of the healthy, old-fashioned experience of practical work, only in place of candle-making and spinning, she is bed-making, tidying and waiting on a patient. She experiences also something of the old-fashioned relief of being in subjection. All great decisions are taken out of her hands. It is due to her carefully mapped-out daily routine, and to her absence from care, that she accomplishes successfully ten hours of day duty and twelve hours of night duty quite as happily as her old day at home, or as the stenographer's apparently lighter seven hours a day.

Secondly, the nurse is free from financial and personal anxiety. She is conscious that she will be protected and cared for in sickness and in health. She is free from worry as to her future for she knows that once her training is over, well paid work is awaiting her. She is not worried over her clothes nor, like the

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office girl, tempted to entangle herself in financial embarrassment, and waste her living on blouses and hats. Amongst the forty-three coats, for instance, bought on the instalment plan and returned in alarm to a furrier's store in Toronto on the declaration of the armistice, there was never a nurse's coat among them.

These are most important points. The next question is still more important, the question of altruism. The nurse is carried away from petty self-interest, and, whether she likes it or not, forced into forgetting self by the larger interest immediately around her. She touches too much pain and sorrow to have any time whatever to think about her own feelings or her own symptoms. At home she could always manufacture a pain somewhere, but in the hospital, whether she "feels good," or whether she feels "all in," it is neither here nor there. She works steadily on, and unless absolutely ill, forgets herself in the broken lives who lie there needing her care.

Moreover, the student and nurse alike gain by knowing that their work is intensely worth while. The student is working towards an ambitious future; the nurse is aiming to leave every patient better for her care.

And lastly, girls sharing a common life, if they are worth their salt, learn from their very comradeship, the true mark of nobility, as they learn to move with gentleness in place of scornfulness amongst their fellows. This gentleness, this sympathy, leaves no

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time for chronic brooding which too often, like a draught of wind across a candle, wastes time and strength and sets up a wasting fever of self pity.

If this argument is at all true, it solves some interesting problems and throws a ray of hope across the restless path of the twentieth century girl. It gives a suggestion as to why the nun looks so calm and unwrinkled. She, like the young probationer, makes no decisions, great or small, and is absolutely free from financial worry. But she has bartered away, possibly from highest motives, God's greatest gift of free will which, in its last analysis, is our highest heritage, our most distinguishing birthright.

One step further. How much of the cheeriness of our men at the Front was due to a straight road ahead of them, the freedom from financial strain and absorption in a great cause?

It goes one step further. It throws light upon the deep, underlying peace which reflects itself in the face of a Phillips Brooks, a man who keeps the birthright of his free will and of his true perspective of life but enriches those two birthrights by a life hid with Christ in God.

To sum up, therefore, regularity and common sense rules of institutional life belong just as certainly to daily life as institutional life, provided we have the necessary strength of mind. So, too, the generous self-spending comes to us all if only we have the God-given grace for it.

Miss Beale, of Cheltenham, ruled the largest and

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most outstanding school in England with absolute power till seventy-five years of age. The secret of her strength was supposed to lie in her morning ride on her tricycle, and in her rigid adherence to her nine o'clock bed hour, after which

"No living wight,
Save the lady alone
Dared to cross o'er the threshold stone."

But the real secret lay in her restless planning for others, a planning so able that she could truly say that of all the countless schemes that she had undertaken only one had ever failed.

But supposing, after all, that you say you are going to take your fling, that "don't care" is your motto, and that you are going to burn your candle at both ends. What then?

That is easy enough, but your future will take its fling out of you just as certainly as you take your fling out of it. Your motto may be "don't care," but "don't care," you know from nursery days, was eaten by lions on the coast of East Africa, and the day may come when you yourself would sooner feel a first crunching of those same lions at your shoulder than be forever ailing, forever a drag upon your husband, forever a strain upon your children who, try as they will, still sense a rift within the lute.

For the sake, therefore, of your possible future in married life; for the sake of your possible future in professional life, you cannot, you dare not fling away the health which might be yours.

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✧ But in addition to your duty to man comes the further question of duty to God. A boy, in old Greek days, reckoned the keeping of his body supple and beautiful for the Olympic games an act of worship as definitely as an act of prayer. Kipling takes something the same thought, but lifts it higher:

“Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.”

Kipling is right. Life in its last analysis is service, is standing at the King's gateway, is waiting for His command. In the light of that service:—

“What matters where the great God flings
Down on the earth thy thinking clay?
Take soul and body, keep them sane,
And treading firm the green earth's sod
Look upward from that place to God.”

CHAPTER V.

THE JOY OF TEACHING

NOW, as to a profession. Ever since you have been standing at the half-way house on the turn of the heights you have been speculating as to your step forward, "for young blood is roving blood," and "a far road is the best." There is the question of marriage, and you know well that marriage always has been and always will be a first call to every true woman. But whatever your future lot may be in this respect, you know that marriage is no longer, as in Jane Austen's day, "the only honourable profession for well-educated women of small fortune which, however uncertain of giving you happiness, is your pleasantest preservative against want." Nor again, as in the old days, are you driven to marry in order "to relieve your friends of their apprehension of your dying an old maid."

What are the many and honourable professions which are open to you? They are Nursing, Teaching, Social Service, Office Work; one after another they and their comrades cross your path and beckon to know if you will follow them.

I wonder how many of you realize how lucky you are in having these calls. How harshly, as it were, the doors creaked upon the hinges of their houses

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before they were set open. If you had lived years ago and had wanted to prepare for teaching you might have been told by as great a man as Dr. Strachan that girls were "an inconvenience" in Grammar School. If you had wanted to teach you might have discovered, like an old writer, that of male teachers you found plenty, but "of female teachers throughout the country you found none." If you applied for a post you might have shared the fate of a certain Miss Katharine McDiarmid, of Alderborough, and been told that "it was a great act of folly to engage a woman to teach children in the paths of right, or even to impart knowledge to their youthful minds." If you tried public opinion you might have found that Judge Haliburton selected as the hero of his tale a certain "Universal Smith" who thrust the wooden partition between himself and a luckless female teacher an inch further every day till the poor unfortunate and her pupils were thrust out of the building altogether. Therefore, rejoice in your opportunity and your freedom and make a wise and strong use of it.

But how is it that in the Normal Schools to-day it is just the opposite? Ninety per cent. of the students are girls. Moreover, if you go up and down the country you are tempted to reverse the old writer's dictum, and say that of female teachers you find plenty, but of male few or none?

How did the change come about? In two ways. In the first place, it was discovered that women taught

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and taught well, and they were valued accordingly. In the second place, it was the question of supply and demand. Men demanded a profession where they could better themselves rapidly, and drew away from the public schools. Trustees wanted to pay less and turned to girls who could live on a smaller pittance.

What is the prospect of the future? There are plenty of girls in the Normal Schools, but they are not at all certain that their teaching will be a life profession, and they drift from school to school without really gaining a grip upon the neighborhood or upon the children. The question is, How far the finest women can be attracted into the teaching profession? or how far they will branch off into apparently more enticing professions? Do you, for instance, contemplate something more thrilling? Are you hesitating because you are not sure that teaching offers a man's wage, a man's freedom, and a man's venture?

Now, if this hesitation were to last forever, and if I did not believe that teaching, next to motherhood, was the queen of all professions, and a million times worth while, I would not ask you to think of it. But schools are coming to their own. Everyone is discussing Mr. Fisher's new bill in England and believes that light is dawning and day time is ahead. Now that women have the vote they can ask, in the first place, that an able teacher may obtain work no matter what University or Training College she graduates from. They can ask, secondly, that the regulations which, like Lilliputian threads, harrass

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the unfortunate teacher, may yield, and that the brilliant child may no longer be forced to take the identical work and to keep identical pace with the slum child and the foreigner. And in the third place, they ask above all that Scripture shall be a major, not a minor subject, and that a teacher shall be given liberty and permitted to use the Bible freely, the ideal Book for character training, the very oatmeal of our spiritual muscle and fibre.

Next as to dollars and cents. Are teachers well paid? Unfortunately, none too well, but salaries are on the up grade, and bid fair to be on the still swifter up grade. A primary teacher's salary ranges from five to seven hundred dollars a year, and will range still higher as new regulations come in. This is only fair, for she has to train a year at the Normal School, whereas if she went into business she would earn identically the same salary after only six months' training at a business college. It is true her holidays are longer, but her work is more exhausting, and her responsibility greater.

The Collegiate teacher may begin anywhere from a thousand to fifteen hundred a year and increase to the two thousand dollar limit and beyond. But this, again, is not a cent too much, for she has kept herself four years at the University and the Faculty of Education, whereas her sister, who is a nurse, averages a thousand dollars a year plus keep, and that after only three years of practically free training.

What are the prizes ahead of a teacher? Can you

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aspire to the Principalship of your school, or to the Principalship of your Collegiate? Rarely, as yet, but the day is coming when ability and ability alone must determine the question of Principalship, as of every other issue. But supposing you obtained a Principalship, could you go further? In England a man can go further; indeed it is said that a man who can run a great Public School can run anything. The transfer of a Head Master to a Bishopric or into State service merely awakens among his comrades the feeling that

"England takes from us to-day
One more man of mighty mould."

But in England, until the war, women rarely, if ever, were called from school into State service. The day is coming when in Canada, as in England, with the rise of women's organizations, a school will be looked upon as a kind of Tommy Titler's ground, not as in the old rhyme "for picking up gold and silver," but for picking up men and women with tested power of organization and administration.

But you ask, Shall I be happy? You yourself know, if you have been brought up in a country school, how far you will like teaching for you have taken a class time and again, and although you were, to use your own phrase, "scared stiff," at the first, you soon enjoyed the fun of teaching and learning to keep discipline. But if you come from a Collegiate or private school you know nothing whatever about it, and say, "I have not enough patience." That is a

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poor answer indeed, for there is nothing worth doing in the world without patience. Do you suppose an office girl, a nurse, your own mother, never spells the word patience? The truth is that till you try you know nothing of the joy of seeing girls and boys grow like plants under your eye, physically, mentally and spiritually. You know nothing, till you try, of the joy of growing yourself, of finding the words which used to play hide and go seek behind your back, marshalling themselves instinctively at the tip of your tongue. You know nothing of the joy of fascinating your pupils till "you hear a conscience creaking," till you know that "every word is biting."

To sum up. There is weariness, but there is never monotony, to a born teacher. Alexander Muir died, broken-hearted, at the age of seventy-two, not because he was tired of teaching, but because he had learnt one day that he must stop teaching. He literally laid him down and died far sooner than part with the children whom he loved as he loved the little maple leaf which floated down upon his sleeve and which inspired "The Maple Leaf Forever."

But, after all, how do you know that you will succeed? How can you train yourself to be a good teacher? In the first place, try for an instinctive feeling of Justice. "He that ruleth over men must be just." Children bitterly resent injustice and favouritism, the suspicion that a teacher has, in their own words, "a crush on anyone." Train yourself, day in, day out, along the line of justice. Try for a Red In-

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dian's power of observation, and a woman's gift of sympathy and intuition.

Then secondly, can you keep discipline? You took delight in old days in letting loose a crocodile, or other deadly machine, from under your desk, to say nothing of egging on your friends to like adventures. Now the tables are turned and you will keep discipline according to your own power of self-control, according to your own quiet dignity and common-sense. You will deal firmly and successfully even with girls of whom it may be said that "everything likely to correct their faults or improve their morals had been deferred till school time came."

Thirdly, you know your subject, even to your finger tips, but how are you to impart it to your pupils? It is a mere question of thinking clearly and of practice. A brilliant raconteur let out the secret of his success by confessing that he never heard a good story without telling it to the first ten people he met. Practice telling every child a story and persevere, no matter how you hesitate at first.

Fourthly, be on the look out for illustrations. You will have to hunt them as keenly as you hunted birds' eggs in old days, for illustrations are to your lesson what windows are to your school room. Keep track of illustrations from everyone you meet, every book you read, every newspaper, anything and everything around you.

Lastly, get in touch with your neighbors. This is easier said than done, for if you would know the

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personality of a potato, the character of celery, or the qualities of cabbages, you have got to feel a sympathy for their constitutional drawbacks before you cultivate or cook them cleverly. So if you want to deal with boy or girl, think out their personality and the lines on which you can deal with them. If a boy is carving his name on a desk make him carve on till he never wants to carve again. If a girl is craving a midnight supper, make her stay up late till in her own phrase "all the ginger is taken out of it." But keep clear, whatever you do, of sarcasm; for humor, like an appreciative touch upon the shoulder, is your best friend, but sarcasm, like a cruel rapier thrusting hither and thither, is a most fatal enemy.

But you say this is a long programme, and the hill is fiercely steep, can I climb it? That all depends upon what you are looking at, and upon what you are seeking for.

"Two men looked through the prison bars,
The one saw mud, the other stars."

If you are looking at the mud, at the clinging difficulties, you might as well give up at once; but if you are looking at the stars, if you are thinking what you can do, dare and teach, keep on for it is a million times worth while.

It is worth while for yourself. You are learning as rapidly as you are teaching, and whilst you are learning you are mellowing your own character and preparing for possible marriage. You are learning every day to handle and control children, and the

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{ woman who can deal wisely with children is a Godsend to her husband, to say nothing of a Godsend to those same children.

It is a million times worth while for your students' sake. Think of the country school, and of the way in which it teaches boys and girls "to think high and see straight." The boys of to-day may not be blazing away with old flint locks at flights of pigeons and wild ducks as their predecessors, but they are just as keenly using their wits and turning their hands to everything. The bit of time at school affords the one relief from the monotonous daily round of chores, the one brief climb to the hill top whence they gain a glimpse of the great world of life and thought, the great world of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. That glimpse afforded, the boy goes off to his lonely out post on farm or forest, the girl to her still more monotonous round of duties, but the words you have said ring on and on and are lived out over and over again in their minds.

You never know what temptation is lurking at the heels of those merry, innocent looking girls and boys. You have more power of helping them in your school than many a minister in his pulpit. That is why now and again a young Scotch minister would stay teaching to the end of his days, caring not one iota that he was called "a stickit minister." He knew that he was "stickit" of his own free will and "stickit" where God had placed and called him.

It is worth while for your country's sake. Take

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the case of the foreigner. A young university student, longing to do her bit, found herself at the end of a twenty-four hours' weary trekking beyond railroad range in a community where not a single child could speak anything save the most broken English. She persevered and became so popular on week days, that when she opened her Sunday School, parents and grand parents teemed in after the children. Finally on Thanksgiving Day, as a minister was never within sight or sound, she held a service at which every man, woman and child in the district was present, and not only present but stayed on and on, hours after she wanted to close, singing over and over again the hymns which she had taught them.

There are graver reasons for teaching even than amalgamating foreigners. You know very well that the devil has been let loose all over the world for a season, and that the tragedy is in vain if no new and mighty spiritual ideal arises. That spiritual ideal will find its way most surely and swiftly through the apparently prosaic routine of daily school life. That is why you will not, you dare not, if you have the slightest genius for teaching, turn aside "whilst one boy still whistles on this earth." You will open windows that that boy may see, that that boy may learn "growth of wisdom from the mire of war."

And lastly, it is worth while for Christ's sake. If our Master, Christ, grieved over a twisted limb, a deformed child, He grieves to-day over a child mentally or spiritually twisted. If He cared so intensely as to

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the wheat and tares, He cares intensely whether a boy's mind is sown with good seed or thistles. A boy finds his chance according as he leaves school feeling that in his teacher there is a "fellow who knows him well and yet likes him," and that he has gained a glimpse of "the size and meaning of the game."

But if teaching is a million times worth while, are you prepared to teach? A brilliant young girl the other day objected to teaching on the ground that she was prepared for sacrifice but not for sacrifice so great as that. You hold in your hand the precious pearl of your life. Are you willing to drop that pearl into the crucible of the most active service you can find, provided you are certain that you are following Christ's steps, and that those steps are worth while?

Take it this way. You know that when Christ had only three years in which to set in motion the movements which would change the atmosphere of the whole world, He followed the three professions of Preaching, Healing and Teaching. If you take Teaching you take one of the three chosen professions; you are following in the direct pathway in which Christ made the sacrifice of the cross. Can you, dare you, follow in His steps? But you say, What were His steps?

"Then suddenly approached a panting, pale Jew, with drops of blood on His brow, with a crown of thorns on His head, and a great cross laid on His shoulders. He threw the cross on the high table of the gods so that the golden cups tottered, and the gods

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became dumb and pale, and grew even paler, till at last they melted away into vapor." The golden cups of temptation totter and break only as they are cast down by the power of Christ and of His followers. Your boys and girls drift away to break those cups of temptation or to drink out of them, and year by year you are left somewhat sadly behind to begin over and over again. But take heart for as certainly as you open

Your cabin door and the starry hosts are gone,
And you know that God has gathered the sparks
To kindle a flame at dawn.

So year by year you open your school door and your boys and girls go forth, and you pray your Master that they may help to kindle a God-given flame of purity and righteousness.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JOY OF NURSING

IT is curious, but all the time I am writing I know that half of you at the least have a secret hankering after nursing. And it is no wonder. Nursing touches the mother instinct, which is alive in every true woman, from the oldest and ugliest spinster driving geese over the common, to the merriest-hearted school girl playing hockey in the field. That instinct perchance, is so strong that if you heard to-morrow you had been chosen for a hospital, you would be as excited as Nelson at the first cry of battle.

"Never was schoolboy gayer than he
Since holidays first began;
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran."

But beginning is one thing, a joyful thing; continuing is another. How are you to know that when splinters, that is to say, difficulties, are flying all around you, you will dare all the same, rejoice all the same, and still feel like Nelson?

"Mark you, I would not be elsewhere now," said he, "for a thousand pounds."

It is the joyful continuing which is the true test of the born nurse, as of the born teacher.

But, you may say, how can I tell? I know I want

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to begin nursing, but till I feel the splinters, the difficulties, flying around, how can I tell whether I shall want to go on? That will be decided practically by the depth of your motive in undertaking the work. You know well enough that there are a hundred and one different motives tangled up together in your mind, like the silk at the bottom of your work basket. Some are on the surface. You see yourself in a trim uniform, flitting to and fro; you feel the steady sense of necessity. Some go deeper. You long for adventure, and are afraid of being a squirrel in a cage—of never getting any further. You are determined that, if you cannot dart after your brother in his aeroplane "into the realms untrod on deft and daring wing," you will at the least make your own adventure, and make it your own way. Or, best of all, if you have touched sadness, you long to be an April breeze, clean, invigorating, strong, bringing God's presence and His power "so near the hearts of men that, even in their anguished hour, they joy for hope and light again."

It is best, therefore, first to disentangle your motives, and then to come down to practical facts and look the profession squarely in the face, as far as facts are concerned. You are asking whether you can be certain of well-paid, steady work; and, if certain, how many years you can continue at that work; and, if you do well, what prizes you can obtain.

To take these questions in turn. In the first place, you can disillusion yourself at once as to any idea of

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making a fortune. The man you are nursing may think twenty-five dollars a terrible amount to pay, but he would never dream of putting a like number of hours, skill and attention into his own work at twenty-five dollars a week.

As long as you are in the hospital you are like the man, you magnify the coming twenty-five dollars; but when you actually begin to receive it, you discover the countless leak-holes in your pocket. You soon find that you cannot work every day of the week. You are forced to rest after heavy cases, more especially country cases, where a nurse's rights are not always clearly understood, and where relief is hard to get, and people forget in their anxiety that their case is not the only case in the world.

You will do well if your salary reaches a thousand dollars a year; but even so, no princely fortune will remain after you have paid your registration fee, rented your room, discharged your laundry bill, and taken a fair share of infectious illness. But, you say, even if I fall ill, I shall be better off than my neighbours, for I have a claim upon the hospitals, and doctors and nurses will be kind to me.

That is true, but we are discussing the main issue, and doctors and hospitals, kind as they may be, will not make up the deficit upon your three years' training, or pay for your holidays, or help you towards putting by your retiring pension. But, you say, that is all very well. I am young and strong and have not the faintest intention of retiring. That is true

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once again, but you may have more than a faint intention of retiring some fifteen, twenty years hence when you find that doctors are looking for recent graduates for critical cases and patients demanding young nurses, who are less cranky and tyrannical.

This would be hard lines if it were not for the chance of a Headship of a hospital or of entering one of the many doors which are open for nurses. You will find that there are enterprises where age and experience count for you instead of counting against you, and where, if you are not definitely fighting disease, you are at any rate fighting to save morality. Under these headings come industrial work, departmental oversight, supervision of factories, institutional work, doctors' offices, and, best of all, Social Service and Child Welfare.

But supposing you are casting longing glances at nursing, the question remains as to how far the Superintendent of a hospital will cast longing glances after you. Take it at its best—take it that you are of good stock, good traditions, strong, clean and capable; take it that you are utterly honest and truthful; that your mother has given you good advice, and not only given advice, but trained you to put that advice in practice, and to use your head to save your legs.

So far to the good but there still remains the question of school experience. Did you drop arithmetic as soon as you found the "Rule of Three did puzzle you, and Practice drove you mad?" You cannot drop your lectures because your laboratory work

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does puzzle you, and the difference between the twentieth and the hundredth of a decimal drives you mad. If your arithmetic is all in arrears, you may have to take your choice between losing your cap, or like many a girl before you, returning to school in order to learn that same hated arithmetic.

Then next, as to literature. If you never, of your own accord read anything heavier than the "Ladies' Home Journal," or more illuminating or imaginative than Eaton's or Simpson's catalogues, you will be a poor hand at reading a newspaper intelligently to a patient, or at getting beyond the veriest gossip. That same luckless patient, especially if he is a professional or business man, will not be long either before he finds you intensely tiresome, and asks for a nurse who can distract his thoughts, and help to wile away the wearisome hours of illness.

Then as to your general attitude in school. If your thoughts went wool-gathering out of the window during classes, they will go wool-gathering in the hospital, and you will miss half the directions which the doctor has given you, and miss half the needs of your patient.

There still remains the question of memory. Were you famous for your memory work in school, or did you look upon forgetfulness at school and at home as a pleasing idiosyncrasy? Your patient will have his doubts about the pleasingness of that same idiosyncrasy if you have scalded him by a carelessly applied hot water bottle, which keeps him weeks longer in

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hospital, and you will have doubts yourself when it keeps you weeks longer winning your cap.

But school, after all, is only half the battle. Now about home. There is, first, the question of obedience. I wonder if your fairy godmother waved a wand over you at your christening and took away the kind of bias which often makes you want to do exactly the opposite to what you are told. Or, better still, if your mother insisted on such swift obedience that you involuntarily pull your wits together and carry out an order without asking idle questions.

If that good luck has been yours, you will make your way like lightning in the hospital, and never dream of sending down, for instance, for a tray without permission. It is all very well to feel sympathy for a poor, tired mother who refuses to leave her child, but sympathy must be subject to obedience or you will be in endless hot water, and never really understand and see the harm of it all.

Secondly comes the question of nerves. You will find that your patients have endless nerves, a superfluity of them, but you have no right to any nerves whatsoever, not even a suspicion of them. But, you say, why not? What is the harm of getting nervous by reading in bed, living at "movies" and dances, having too good a time generally, provided you can put on at need a brake and answer gently when you want? You may answer gently, but, as certainly as the east wind finds its way through double win-

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dows, so your luckless patient feels a kind of thirstly atmosphere everywhere around him.

But take it that you are cheery and strong, and thirsty for new experiences, what about helpfulness and economy? Are you quite certain you are not running into the hospital in order to avoid tiresome home duties? Do you always make your bed trimly and keep your room trimly, or are you leaving all that to the hospital, forgetting that your fingers are thumbs, and that nothing comes naturally, not even bed-making, any more than a Sonata of Beethoven's without previous scales and exercises?

This seems a long list, but there still remains the question of economy. If you have been wasteful at home and left pieces on your plate, you will be inclined to be wasteful in an institution, and to think that your particular bit of wastefulness does not matter. You will think your Superintendent stingy whenever she urges the price of milk, butter and absorbent wool, and be impatient when she keeps on insisting upon the fact that if you and your classmates were only more careful some extra half dozen poor patients could be looked after.

But supposing that the Superintendent is satisfied that you are the right candidate for the hospital, can you be certain yourself? A passion for nursing comes out in many ways. You know whether your dolls suffered from every possible and impossible disease; you know whether, like Florence Nightingale and Agnes Jones, you interested yourself in the dumb ani-

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mals around you. Do children cling to you and tell you their petty aches and pains? Does saving life appeal to you as Kitchener's life appealed to the sailors, as, with torn nails, they scaled the steep cliff and sank exhausted with one only thought, one only groan, "Kitchener was on board"?

But to probe further. Is nursing a passion of love or of dollars and cents? If of dollars, you will follow in the line of the Will-o'-the-Wisp practitioner of old days, who sent in a bill for £6 "for killing your son." If it is an inborn passion, a cry of pain will appeal to you as instinctively as to the knights of chivalry of a century ago. You see those old-time heroes, Don Quixote's, if you will, of the profession, the Dr. Ryerson's, whose spectres still ride the glades of the forest. They flit through the trees, a basket of provisions on arm, and saddle-bags on either side, clattering with gallipots and phials, threading their way, asleep as often as awake, some forty, fifty, a hundred miles through the forest.

But take it that your hospital experience is over and your examinations passed, your real test, the test of private nursing, is at hand. I am not dealing with minor details, minor temptations, such as an indulgence in up-to-date hairdressing and up-to-date dressing generally, nor with your victory over tiresome habits which annoy your patient, like fidgetting, clearing your throat, and a rasping, file-like nasal intonation. I am turning to the harder questions of self-denial and self-control. Up till now you

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have crossed the threshold of sin and pain, time and again, but never alone, never without a background of sympathy and merry out-of-hour companionship. Now you have to take the loneliness of responsibility, a loneliness and responsibility such as sailors declare makes a man religious the moment he is appointed captain.

Everybody in the house will be turning to you, and you will have to make your decisions and keep your own counsel, with only an occasional word from the doctor. You will inevitably grow hard if you lean upon yourself, but you will grow strong if, like the captain of the vessel, you lean upon the unseen presence of Christ.

I know it is desperately hard at first. In the hospital it was delightful to go hither and thither and to be in the thick of everything. Moreover, if you fell out with one person, you took up with another. But now you dare not fall out with your patient or his friends, and you dare not let off steam outside his bedroom. Then, again, you could always turn a corner in the hospital by your keen sense of the ridiculous and quick power of retort, but now, unfortunately, you find it leads you astray. For that same spice of merriment or pertness, whichever you like to call it, which was amusing enough to a patient, especially a man-patient, is apt to provoke the indignation of the family and bring down its own judgment upon you.

Then again, you kept your counsel in a hospital, answered your patients judiciously, and prided your-

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self upon keeping them in the dark. But now you are lonely and inclined to make yourself amusing by gossiping, either to the patient inside the house, or to your friends outside the house. But remember this latter gossip is most unfair of all, because the patient is rarely normal, and makes confidences which he bitterly regrets, and which you still more bitterly regret if, in place of padlocking your lips, those confidences slip past you.

But hardest of all is the question of purity. You and your class-mates determined when you were set free on your own resources that "things of night at your glance should take fright," but what are you to do if your patient is idle, and whenever you are off your guard, flatters you or says low, common things, better left unsaid. Must you give offence? Can you be true? But remember you can only as you

"Lean over the golden bar, with open arm and heart of love,"
"Strong as a lion, pure as a dove."

So far for the discouraging side; now for the encouraging! Think of the benefit your nursing is to the country. Think of the lessons of wholesomeness and cleanliness which you are giving in district nursing, especially out West. Think of the effect of your work upon foreigners, and still more upon Indian women, as you nurse them in up-to-date hospitals with their new-born babes in moss bags hanging beside them. Think of your influence upon your patient. That influence, it is true, largely turns upon

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your attitude towards him. You know that there is a front window with sunshine and trees in every house, and a back window looking out on a rubbish heap. So just as surely there is a charm and a drawback in every character. You gain your influence over your patient as you are on the lookout for his charm, his front window, and as you avoid poking about with a stick in the dust of his backyard. You will need every bit of your influence as his illness increases and as the consciousness of his sinfulness and of the great Beyond comes hour by hour upon him. They are realities which he cannot shake off. How can you help him? Only by living so near Christ yourself that like a patient in a hospital in India he will say: "Now that I have seen you and seen your ways, I want to know your God."

But you will say that is easier said than done. You are right. It is a miracle which comes straight from Christ alone, and is granted only to a life given in to His hand. The little lad who found himself with his school boy lunch of two barley loaves and three small fishes had his chance. He could hide those loaves in the rock and make sure of his meal, or he could sell them at a premium and make money, or he could win popularity by distributing among his friends. But he did neither the one nor the other. He saw his Master's need and the need of the multitude, and he placed those loaves and fishes in his Master's hand.

You in your nursing, like the boy on the outskirts

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of the multitude, take your choice. You drift along the line of self-seeking, money and popularity, or, denying self, you multiply your power by placing yourself in Christ's hand. You need every bit of your strength, for you know, and your patient knows, that death is whistling stealthily down the road. As that whistle echoes and re-echoes you long to pass the hand, so pathetically clinging to you, into the hand of Christ, so that your patient may never loose that clasp till "with the brotherhood on high, he is at home with God."

The epic of Canadian medicine and nursing is still unsung, but the first keynote is resounding in the traditions of the past, and it tells a stirring tale of daring and devotion. Think of the daring of amputating a poor fellow's thigh in a log cabin with knife hastily formed from a sickle, even without anæsthetics and antiseptics, and with only the aid of light from two home-made tallow candles. Or if you want devotion, think of the following record: "He laid aside all self and devoted his time to caring for the afflicted exiles, day and night, and often with no one to lend a helping hand to nurse and care for the strangers. Quietly and unostentatiously he passed through life, beloved by all, till at length, without fame and as if gently touched by the hand of a spirit saying, 'come up higher,' he yielded his spirit into the hands of his Creator."

But you say, that is the daring and devotion of the doctors, what of the nurses? True, but how far could

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doctors get nowadays but for the quiet step behind them, the devoted skill and daring of nurses? But in very deed the first echoes of the epic of that skill and daring are already ringing across the sea as the spirit of Edith Cavell hovered over the Peace Conference.

"Did a white moth flutter against the window pane?

Did a light wind whisper through the council hall?

The great men looked up, to see if it would come again,

And a listening silence fell upon them all.

Then they seemed to see her, coming with her bandaged eyes;

There was blood upon her dress where her wounds were bare;

So they placed a chair for her, without question or surprise,

For they knew the mighty dead had chosen to send her there.

They chose her, for she knew them all, soldier and little child—

The girls who in an hour grew old had sent a word by her;

Within her quiet hands she held their wrongs unreconciled—

She led a long procession, like a white-robed crucifer."

If you are fired by a like daring and devotion, if service is "the stuff of which your visions are made," you are on the brink of giving in your name "your swift, unerring choice," for teaching, nursing, or for your chosen profession. Only pray you: "God give me hills to climb and strength for climbing."

THE JOY OF FARMING

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOY OF FARMING

YOU turn away with a sigh. Teaching and Nursing may be all very well for those who want them, but not for you. Now that war work is over you want something thrilling, essentially worth while; and that something, if possible, out of doors:

"The ring of a bridle, the stamp of a hoof,
Stars above and the wind in the tree;
A bush for a billet, a rock for a roof,
For outpost duty's the duty for me."

How can you discover a trail of this sort, a trail out of doors and yet a trail for God, for Canada and for the right? You want "The Heaven above you and a road before you," a road really useful, supplying a real need. What is the greatest need of to-day?

Now Canada's greatest need, like that of every other nation, is a royal generation, sturdy girls and boys ready to fill up the missing ranks, girls and boys, well developed, who will never "turn their backs, but march straight forward." For rearing such a generation there must be the right food. What scheme of outdoor work could be devised which might help towards producing that food?

In old days when God needed a royal generation He chose not only a land of wheat and barley, but a land of milk and honey. We have the wheat and

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barley, that is to say, what barley stands for, and eat "bread without scarceness." But we have not the milk and honey, fruit and vegetables, all that milk and honey stands for "without scarceness."

It is not Canada's fault. Your mother tells you of butter eleven cents a pound, eggs fifteen cents a dozen, apples a dollar a barrel. Your grandmother tells you of venison a halfpenny a pound, and flights of pigeons darkening the sky like thunder clouds. She speaks of peaches so plentiful that pigs turned connoisseurs and ate only the freshly fallen; of rows of hives outside the cabin doors, hives occasionally put to strange uses as by a plucky girl who upset the bees and scattered in wild confusion a crowd of Indians threatening and demanding whiskey. But to-day everywhere, and more especially in mining districts, butter, eggs, small fruit, milk and honey are soaring, so to speak, into the sky and must be captured and brought down again if children are to be brought up clean-limbed, supple, hardy.

Your Westerner has no time for small farming such as this. He is occupied with wheat and farming on a vast scale, huge steam plows and heavy machinery. Your Easterner is almost as indifferent. He is busy with fishing, lumbering and mining, and treats farming as a mere side issue for off days and, in consequence is so indifferent that he follows the footsteps of his forefathers, endures impossibly muddy roads which stick wagons fast, and uses farming rather as an aid to existence than an art.

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But if small fruit farming is, therefore, comparatively neglected, is it physically within the reach of women? It is somewhat late in the day to ask this when sixteen thousand women have served in the Land Army in England, somewhat late in the day to ask this when, during war time, countless women have tackled that hardest of all farming—Western farming—and “kept the pot a-boiling” whilst their husbands were away. If they could hold together Western farms they are more than capable of the comparatively light work of small farming, dairy farming, vegetable farming, bee-keeping, horticulture, small fruit farming and seed raising.

It is hard work, but women want hard work. It is hardship, but women are courting hardship, and girls with even a touch of the grit of pioneer days, or war days, will find a fair field ahead of them and no favor. Why should they not take to it as kindly as the Dutchwomen who tend the poultry, milk the cows and dig the gardens, whilst their husbands are off to the factories?

The Requisites. But to farm successfully you must have the right women, the right capital, the right training and the right chance. By the right type of women I understand Canadian girls who are giving up war work and wanting a new scheme; or English girls, like the five thousand mentioned in to-day's paper, pleading for an outlet of this sort. A new scheme may have a chance, provided only that the misfits, English or Canadian, who drift hither and

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thither and are the despair of all true workers, are kept out of it.

Next, as to capital. Granted women, and granted able workers, how will you overcome the second difficulty, which is capital? There are three ways in which capital might be commanded during the first experimental stage. A few girls with capital of their own behind them might club together, or a philanthropist here and there, with an experimental farm to be exploited, might be willing to lend capital and back them, or, better still, a Government grant might be given. But capital, after all, is not the real difficulty; if the *right leader could be found* there is little question but that the capital would soon be forthcoming.

Your Own Start. But what is the practical working? Take it that you and half a dozen friends are determined to do and dare. Your wisest plan will be to disperse and take a six months' course in a good agricultural college and follow it up by another six months' course, either in that same college or in the States. You dare not touch a scheme which involves money, even if it is your own money, until you are a professional farmer with your own particular hobby, and not an amateur. Amateur farming sounds idyllic but it is on the high road to failure; whereas skilled theoretical and practical farming is on the high road to success.

But, having gained the skill within yourself, what are the requisites without yourself? That depends

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altogether upon the nature and upon the proposed scope of your farming. You may start in quite a small way and with comparatively little capital, hard work and good luck, you may succeed. But if you and your half a dozen friends are together you will be wise to undertake a small farm as well as definite chicken farming, and for that you ought to have a background of some three thousand dollars, together with, if possible, a grant of free house and barn; and in the third place, if possible, free stock, utensils and if you are at a distance from a station, a Ford motor.

Where are you to make your start? You might go much further and fare worse than within easy reach of Ottawa or Toronto, where you could easily find an unlet farm within reach of friendly neighbors, and store and inherit the work of your predecessor. But on a settled farm you might not get as much free grant as in a newer district.

Choice of Location. Northern Ontario, somewhere south of the height of land dividing the north-going from the south-going, provided it is in the immediate proximity of a good road and a good line of rail, is attractive; only be careful that you choose a slope tempered by a breeze off the lakes where you will not be exposed to the cutting wind from the Hudson Bay icebergs.

Here, again, you will be within comparative easy reach of Toronto, and can ship your produce there or to the various towns and cities all over Canada; or, if you wanted the highest market of all, to the regions

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surrounding the smelters in the mining districts, where the miners are far too weary, even if the land permitted, to turn their hand to gardening.

Or you might go East into the Maritime Provinces, into Nova Scotia, which is as famous to-day as in Sir William Alexander's day, in 1642, for their "very delicate meadows, roses white and red," and "rich fat earth." Or most fertile of all, follow the footsteps of Evangeline through the Annapolis Valley with its "miles of apple blossoms above," its wild strawberry, bunch berry and blue-berry below.

If you want land out West as fertile as Annapolis you might try British Columbia where you would be surrounded, especially in the Island of Vancouver, by settlers from the Old Country, experimenting more or less like yourself, and would enjoy the delight of a glorious climate and endless adventure.

But whether you go East, West, North or South, remember that your only luck lies in yourself, your hours not limited by the whistle, your brains, your skilled training and your utter repudiation of the word "cannot."

Prospects. For example's sake let us take the possibility of a farm such as we have been speaking of in the North Bay region, or in the Maritime Provinces. You can raise excellent vegetables, potatoes, carrots, small fruit, strawberries in abundance, and you will be surrounded in season by raspberries, blueberries and huckleberries. Strawberries are specially remunerative. Even in Ontario a farmer this summer

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gathered such a harvest of strawberries on a rocky farm, discounted as not worth thirty cents, that he made six thousand dollars, and once again justified his nickname of "Strawberry Pay."

There is a future in wild berries. A farmer's wife last summer sent fourteen different kinds of wild berries to an agricultural college for identification, some of which turned out to be eatable, some not. There are acres upon acres of wild blueberries, raspberries and bilberries in the northern district. If blue-berry factories can be run day and night throughout the season along the coast of Maine, why cannot they be run in Northern Canada, or if there are no factories, why cannot the fruit be preserved now that so many new methods have been discovered for drying and preserving?

There is a future in chicken farming, especially within reach of markets like Halifax and Boston. A teacher, who was a nervous wreck, and her sister made a venture on the East coast with three thousand dollars behind them. The first year they barely made ends meet; the next brought clear profit; the third, social enjoyment, especially in winter when the fowls went to bed early and got up late. A year or two later came a house by the lake side; a year or two later again a trip to the Mediterranean.

There is a future in bee-keeping and dairy farming. At this year's bee convention it was said that honey was more valuable than ever, and that bee-keeping was only held back for want of efficient help-

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ers. A school master in his off time in Toronto this summer made five hundred dollars and would have made infinitely more in a district wholly given up to horticulture, small fruit farming and seed culture.

So far we have not taken dairy farming, and yet with butter at 68 cents a pound, it commands a high price. Pig-keeping is termed "money-breeding." Maple sugar runs at from \$2.00 to \$2.50 a gallon, and seed-raising, especially butter beans, garden peas, and clover, is most profitable of all and most peculiarly suited to women's work. Seed-raising, moreover, is a national service for as things stand nowadays a farmer hesitates about procuring turnip seed at \$1.50 a pound, remembering the seed which has too often been palmed off upon him and forced him to plant his land all over again.

To sum up: You cannot make any of these side issues pay in themselves alone, not even chicken-farming. In course of time they individually lead to almost certain failure, but you can make small farms, of an experimental nature of this sort, pay, provided you have all kinds of stock and one kind helps another. Such a farm on Vancouver Island grew rapidly from its first start with a solitary horse, cow, pig, dog and scattering of fowls into a large and profitable venture.

But if you begin when ought you to start? Your best chance will be in the fall when you have time to look around and give a helping hand to the house-keeping member of your party. The district will look

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desolate at first, but the winter over, everything cheers up and as spring comes on you find the joy of living out of doors, and the day's work done, the still greater joy of a plunge in the pool's living water.

It is nervous work all the same living on your capital during the first year, and wearisome work the second and third year. You begin to wonder whether it is worth while, and whether life will always consist of combing currants off the bushes into a dish pan, and clearing them of leaves and caterpillars. But, as that third year closes, you begin to triumph in your work and balance sheet, and think out larger schemes for the future.

The next step forward is infinitely more serious. You must remember that you are making this move not only for your own amusement and upkeep, but that you are breaking the way open for a closely knitted army of fellow workers, who will follow after you, an army who will train into the hardest, most successful adventurers in the world. You have a Dominion enterprise on hand, and you require a far-reaching scheme which will commend itself to the Government.

Vision of a Community Farm. You will think out and draw plans of a winter evening for your model farming centre. They will seem at times something like the postcards you bought out West, with ambitious Town Hall or University, of which not a stone as yet has been laid and is essentially still in the clouds. But it is this very quality of vision which

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makes the West, and will make your success as you lay your lines for a central training school with accommodation for some thirty boarders, a central dining hall, kitchen, laboratory, creamery, blacksmith store, recreation hall, laundry. These, with a Church and school, if not already existing, to follow later, will form a good nucleus of a village.

Supposing that your plans commend themselves to the Government, so that you can count upon strong financial backing, you will aspire to building a central village in which you can consolidate everything, possibly even fuel by a heating plant, and expense generally by co-operative stores. In course of time a central library will follow, with a recreation hall for learning arts and crafts, and social evenings.

Your farms will not suffer. As you grow you have from five to twenty-five acres near by or a hundred at a mile or two's further radius. Supposing the farms stretched out further still, you could distribute yourselves by motor cycle or disperse by a common motor bus to your various destinations, and return at night unless some unforeseen emergency obliged you to stay in a shack in the centre of your farm.

So far for the buildings; now for the terms upon which your students are admitted, till, fully trained, they gradually swarm off to the personal ownership of their farms. They will require a year's training in the lecture hall, laboratory and experimental farms, and during that training get free board and lodging, and a grant of two dollars a week, on the one

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condition that at the slightest disloyalty or disobedience, they will be subject to as prompt dismissal as probationers in a hospital.

The second year, your students having been trained and tried, two or three can be put in charge of a small grant of land with a loan of a limited amount of stock, poultry and seed. They will be free to sell and make what profit they can, and will be helped out by a small financial grant, free breakfast and supper at the central hall.

The third year they ought to make good profit and begin buying out the land and stock, until by the end of the fourth or fifth they become independent, landed proprietors.

The whole scheme, in its last analysis, turns upon two factors. First, the self-governing basis which you must gradually evolve, and secondly, upon your power of turning away any girl of poor character who makes mischief and keeps away the type of girl you want to attract. You will say, this is all very well, but it is pure day dreaming. What chance is there that the government, over-weighted with social problems, will weary itself over farms for women? But the Government may very possibly be interested in the project, partly, for its own sake, partly for the sake of these very women.

The Government Point of View. It is interesting for its own sake, because anything which helps to bring cheap, appetizing food within reach of children is just as vital a matter to the Government as to the

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mothers of those children. Secondly, the Government knows well enough that there is plenty of land lying idle. Here and there it may be rocky, but even rocky land is not altogether unsuitable for this particular type of farming. The grant of new lands and the turning of them from a wilderness and a solitary place into a land of promise is gain, not loss, to any Government. Thirdly, whether the Government likes it or not, it has to meet the women's difficulty. Women must emigrate. They see no prospect of betterment in England, and will not go back to the humdrum weariness of pre-war days. They are longing to cross the Atlantic. If they cross in large numbers there is any amount of opening in domestic service, but in other departments they will only congest already overcrowded departments, and in the last analysis, it is cheaper and wiser to provide outlets for them on farms, such as we are discussing, than to create openings in towns.

Lastly, the Government has to meet the farming problem. Despite the strong hand which Agricultural Colleges are taking, despite the Government trains which visit country districts with agricultural lecturers, farmers are unwilling to stay after they have made money, and women are reluctant to marry if they are afraid their future husbands are inclined to settle permanently on the farms.

A colony of capable women, enamoured of farming, who are thrilled at new discoveries and new adventures, will give a different aspect to the country

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side as long as they continue to farm, and if they marry they will make royal farmer's wives, women who love the country and who will bring up children as keen upon farming as themselves. Out-of-door women of this description, of good stock, Canadian, Scotch and English, are exactly what are wanted, exactly what will bring fresh vitality into places run down and discouraged by unscientific farming and intermarriage.

To sum up: The scheme requires a grant of promising land in the neighborhood of good roads and a good railroad; secondly, buildings and a grant of stock and capital towards running expenses to be repaid as opportunity offers.

Now comes the vital question for yourself. You are asking, Can cultured women be really happy farming? I believe the cultured woman always has been and always will be the true backbone of country as well as town life. You might have imagined in pioneer days that the rough and ready worker, used to discomfort, would settle better in the forest than the woman of refinement, but old writers tell us just the opposite. They tell us that the cultured woman suffered cruel disappointment because she came anticipating a kind of picnic ground, and discovered too late that fate had brought her into "a wilderness in which the tap of the woodpecker in the silence of the summer hush struck like a hammer on the brain. The hum of an insect is a torment not to be borne."

But the same old writer adds: "the more refined

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the woman, the quicker her adaptability to her surroundings."

In the second place, you ask, can you be happy gardening? Ask any born gardener and you will find that he would not change places even with the King. Bacon sighed for greatness, but even he acknowledged that "God Almighty planted the first garden." And Bacon knew nothing of the new discoveries of to-day, the thrill of excitement in laboratory work and in the newest types of gardening and farming.

And thirdly, you wonder as to the cold. Take once again the North country. So far as the cold is concerned, twenty below zero is far more delightful and exhilarating than twenty above in milder parts of Canada. But the question of desolation is a more serious matter. You cannot help thinking as you stand at the rear of a car, speeding east or west in Northern Ontario along one of the three great railway lines, crowning the dividing ridge, that you are at the end of civilization. You revel in the thought of hunting in the untrammelled wilderness and long for a shot at the partridges which fly in clouds over the railway track, but you shiver as an icy breeze off the Hudson catches you and wonder how anyone can run a farm amongst rocks hurled to and fro, pell mell, as at a giant's game of baseball.

The truth is you know nothing of the untold wealth of pulpwood and farm land tucked away somewhere below in the sheltered slopes. The misfortune is that the ridge which lends itself so kindly to the railroad, lends itself just as unkindly to would-

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be settlers, and frightens off all save a few daring French-Canadians.

The settler who makes good in farming, whether East, West, or North, renders national service. Take, for example, this very North of which we have been speaking. These very five hundred miles are the "missing link" between the East and the West. If you make a success of your farm you tempt others to follow you, and bit by bit, make a long chain of hands linking East and West.

But to return to farming itself. I grant you it is not all exhilarating. You will not enjoy your pig-killing, or feel as enamoured of the sport as the small boys in the Old Country, who engage their seats on a neighboring wall weeks before hand, and from that vantage ground signal to less fortunate companions that "his screams are becoming feebler."

You may not love your bee-keeping as passionately as an old Clergyman who started for a ramble by lantern at three o'clock every morning, winter and summer in order that he might devote the rest of the day, without distraction, to the bees housed in his dressing room and study, from which latter sermons of a somewhat strange pungency would emanate the following Sunday.

You may not love your flowers as passionately as his neighbor, who paved his garden walks with tomb stones from the Churchyard in order to give "a tone to the flowers"; nor as passionately as old Mr. Goldie, of Ayr, who looked upon his flowers as a circle of well beloved friends, and not even a vegetable could

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be stolen by the cook save when his eye was turned and she snatched the where-with-all for the evening meal.

But whatever your views as to bees and flowers you will certainly be passionately interested in the scientific side of your work, the breeding of your hens, the fertilizing of your seed. Every day's experiment will be a voyage of discovery, and like the Serbian in a Toronto store, whose vocabulary was limited to the one word "to-morrow," you will know only one word and that word "to-morrow." For of gardening it is as true as of Paradise that

"Many real wonders be
Hid in its depth alone.
But seen of all the folk of neighbor land,
Whose quiet feet do pave the yellow strand."

In addition to the interest of the garden itself you will gain by cultivating steady nerves, and enjoy unbroken sleep, congenial comradeship, and quiet evenings for reading. And what is more than all, you will be able to exercise your influence over your students, for in the country, in the solitude of training, "the sparks are struck which set the world agaze."

But, best of all, instead of a mere society life, you will be taking your place among the world's adventurers and explorers, and you will be opening out a trail which thousands of girls will tread after you. You will be one of those of whom it is truly said

"The world little knows
The debt which it owes
To the hewer and blazer of trails."

THE LIBRARY

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LIBRARY

BUT even so you are not satisfied. Teaching and nursing are all very well for the people who want them, but not for you. The mere thought of a plunge into school or hospital sends cold shivers down your spine. You ask:—

“A booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in a doore or out,
With the grene leaves whispering overhede
Or the strete cryes all about.”

If that “shady nook” is unattainable elsewhere, could you find it within sight of books in museum or library? Is work possible in the one or the other?

Unhesitatingly it is possible. But be on your guard, for it may not be exactly what you think. A “shady nook,” a quiet corner, reading, cataloguing, pasting labels is hard to find. An ideal like that is almost as far out of date as the ideal of the small children who creep in at the door in search of “dead bodies” (mummies) in what they term their “Art Amusement,” and inquire pathetically for a movie or a touch of Charlie Chaplin. We are apt to forget that the days are long past when a museum was a mere rendezvous of sentimental relics and curiosities,—a Guy Fawkes lantern, pieces of bric-a-brac, bronze or

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statuary; a kind of collection, like the twelve cart loads of "rarities," which Ashmole loaded upon barges for his museum at Oxford, and, exhausted with the effort, "that afternoon relapsed into the gout."

We forget, too, that the ideal of second development, the archæological stage, the rows of Etruscan vases and the like, is also of the far away past. The museum of to-day is a vast University, a great laboratory; its ideal, the whole field of knowledge; its search, the truth of all the sciences; its resolve, to grow like a flower, or perish. Therefore, if you want to work in a museum you must disabuse yourself forever of the hope of a quiet rut in which you may peacefully dream away the hours of your existence. But to come down to practical politics. You ask, in the first place, are museum doors open, and in the second place, can I pass through them? Now it is only honest to tell you that the openings into museums are extremely narrow. There are only four or five museums of any account as yet in Canada, and even these as yet cannot offer high salaries. There is hope in the future, and if you have secured footing and shown ability, you may find promotion, if not in Canada, at any rate in the States, where women are admitted to really important posts, and even to the presidency of museums such as Albright and Buffalo.

Then as to the qualifications. You cannot attempt museum work unless you are exceedingly well read. You must be either the graduate of a University, or so well informed that you are more than the equiva-

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lent of a graduate. You will be of no use, again, unless you are well travelled, have a hobby of your own and the power of picking up other people's hobbies, either by swift observation or by wide and encyclopædic reading.

You will need all your reading and knowledge in cataloguing, for you have to know your subject to your very finger tips. Take for instance, a piece of armour. There is not a decade in which the fashions of armour have not changed, almost if not quite as much as the fashions in dress. Sir Walter Scott, who lets *Ivanhoe* disport himself in Elizabethan armour, is as far astray as Jane Austen's Elizabeth Bennett would be in a short skirt, or Miss McNaughton's Christina McNab in a crinoline.

If you are working on the inventive side, you will need expert knowledge in guiding the students who may be tracing exquisite designs for textile workers from wrappings of the mummies of Peru; or designs for pottery from the monuments of Etruria; or linking up music and art as in Cleveland.

But if you try the Docent Service, that is to say, lecturing, since women are lecturing in museums, you will enjoy the work, for your students will be intensely alive, and will rejoice as your Prospero's wand touches bronze or stone, and bids the one or the other cry out on every side of you.

To sum up, therefore, if you have gained expert knowledge, and are practically independent of money, you may find delightful work in a museum, and pro-

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fit rapidly yourself by thinking, reading, teaching.

But best of all comes the time when you begin to live in a world of romance in your museum, as you catch the side lights of bygone hopes and fears and struggles. It may be nothing but a thimble, or a page of a copy book, and yet either the one or the other is athrob with love and pathos.

If it is a thimble (thumble), you see the young silversmith in a fury of pity, striving at his invention and wild at the thought of the drop of blood trickling from the thumb of his favoured lady-in-waiting as she presses her needle through the tapestry. If it is a stocking frame, you see the curate in his turn mad with impatience, striving at his invention to render knitting useless, so that his lady love may not be too much occupied knitting herself and teaching her little pupils to knit, to attend to him. You disentangle a page of a copy book from the wrappings of a little Egyptian mummy, and your lip quivers at the pathetic longing that some faint fragment of his schooling may accompany the poor little lad into the beyond.

But if museum work is cramped, why not go further afield and enquire after library work? This promises better, for a library map has scores upon scores of scarlet and blue pins, marking the free or partially free libraries throughout the province. Let us take hope, even in the melancholy black pins, the small tomb-stones mounting guard over the defunct libraries, for even those libraries may be reopened at

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any time. The day, after all, is not so far distant—indeed, little more than a lifetime ago—when Toronto itself, for all its blaze of sixteen scarlet pins, could only have boasted one black pin mounting guard over its defunct library, and bearing witness to the sale of its last volumes in company with “a number of glass bottles, and everyone with stoppers,” the said bottles being apparently far and away the greater prize of the occasion.

If books and libraries abound everywhere to-day compared with a hundred years ago, when they were as hard to find as “pine-apples on the Summit of Mount Snowdon,” what may not their future throughout Canada be some thirty, fifty, a hundred years hence?

But you want to know how far the door is open. Before the war there were scores of applicants for every vacant post, and to-day you find plenty of openings if you have the right qualifications. Those qualifications, moreover, are far more easily attained in library than in museum work, for a pathway has been beaten out and you have not to blaze the trail for yourself. In library work you practise and take classes in a training school alternately for the first six months, and expect to be under guidance all the time. If you succeed, there are well-paid posts in the large cities and fairly-paid posts in smaller cities. Your salary will range anywhere from six hundred and twenty-five dollars a year to a thousand dollars, and if you are a graduate and find a post in the Catalogu-

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ing and Reference Department, it will range still higher.

But can you find congenial work? It is your own fault if you cannot, for there are differing types of occupation, and you ought to be able to succeed in the one or in the other. If you are of a genial nature, there is the Circulating Library; if a raconteur and sympathetic, the Children's Department; if a book-worm, with acute power of criticism, the Cataloguing Department; if alert, resourceful and helpful, the Reference Library.

This is the right moment for entering, for libraries are on the eve of a great departure, and the day is not far off when capable girls, well versed in library work, will take the initiative in the libraries which may any day be founded in hospitals, schools, departmental stores and manufacturing firms.

The truth is we are all awakening to the necessity of an ideal, and patriotic men and women are striving everywhere to give that ideal and to supply books. In Ontario you find men in townships, like Runnymede, working after hours, driving in posts and erecting their own library; and in smaller townships, like Palermo, men petitioning private school girls for books. If you go further afield, you find hundreds of black boxes in western universities, like Edmonton, stored with well-chosen books and magazines, starting upon their respective journeys across the half-broken districts around.

So far, good. Now for the drawbacks. In the

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first place, the six months' experimental work is entirely at your own cost and at your own risk, for there is no certainty of work guaranteed beyond it. You only know that your name will be on the vacancy list, and that you will have to wait your chance.

In the second place, the standard is rising. A Matriculation Certificate is required for the training school, and an Arts degree for advanced work in the Cataloguing and Reference Departments. The same standard will soon be required for all new candidates throughout the province. But remember, if you are thinking about the work at all, you must think quickly, for the admission age ranges only between eighteen and thirty.

But take it that you are enamoured of the prospect, and that you have the wherewithal for training. How far are you certain that you are the right candidate and will succeed? This is the all-important question.

You can give a good guess if you take the following points into consideration: In the first place, are you punctual and accurate? One of the oldest members of a library staff in Ontario was dismissed not long ago because she was habitually five minutes late every morning. You can see for yourselves that if you begin breathless and hurried, you are apt to continue breathless and hurried all the day long, like the old Duke of Newcastle, who was charged by Fox with losing five minutes every morning and spending the rest of his day trying to pick them up.

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Secondly, are you quiet and dignified in manner and dress, and yet at the same time alert and capable? Do you meet people half-way, and look enthusiastically interested in place of looking bored?

And thirdly, are you in your element in a world of books? Is "a jollie good booke where on to looke better to you than golde?" Is a room without books to you as it was to Cicero, like a body without a soul? Would you, like the boy, "With eager eye, open a book upon a stall, and read as you'd devour it all?" Do you feel, like Milton, that it is almost as criminal to kill a good book as to kill a man? Do you "run to the books," as Sir Joshua Reynolds did to the pictures? Do you desire "even to look at the backs of books?"

And lastly, have you a passion for service? Are you genuinely interested in the perpetual procession of incomers, from the elderly habitué, who trapes in the mud and dozes hours long over the newspaper, to the old lady who grumbles and tells you how to run the library? Can you, quick-wittedly, translate the twisted titles, "How to Keep It When You Get It" ("To Have and To Hold"), A Book about Hinges (a Physiology Manual), "Fear Not and Dodge It" ("The Dreadnought and the Dogger")? Can you persuade the incredulous schoolboy that "The Twentieth Plane" is not an aviation story? Can you graciously accept a mangled copy of "Strawberry Acres" on the plea that the cow got hold of it and chewed it? Can you good-humouredly hunt up a

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copy of "Lochaber" because the lady's own copy is "so beautifully bound" she does not like to use it?

But to come down to detail. You will feel at home in the Circulating Library. You are accustomed to see all around the room "the silent servants in their decorous livery wait." But it is one thing to choose your own servant; it is far more responsible to supply the needs of others. You have to remember that those silent servants may be idle friends, false friends or true friends to your particular applicant, and that your responsibility as a librarian goes far beyond translating the wishes of that applicant or mounting guard over the property of the library. You want, unconsciously to themselves, gradually to turn your readers from the idle, false friends, who are all too spurious and alluring, to the true friends standing ready to help them.

Those readers will be many and diverse. You have the boy who, with the dread of Matriculation ahead of him, has dug all around his subject under the guidance of his teacher till he has raised such a cloud of criticism, comparison and commentary that by the time he has reached your library he hates books and has failed altogether to find the precious vein of gold he was seeking to discover.

He is followed by the nervous girl, who has frequented the "movies," and become so enamoured of them that she wants books "where they are saying and doing something all the time." She skims across a book a night, extracting thrills, and imbibing no more

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real knowledge than if each successive book were a continued "movie." You try by talking over book after book to arouse her to find something deeper and truer in them.

Thirdly comes the boy who has been indulging in dime novels and must be weaned away, or otherwise, as it has been truly said, it will be as difficult to make him hate crime as Ulysses found it impossible to persuade a man wallowing among the swine that it was a shameful thing to be a pig. You win your way as boy or girl turns into the library because of its pleasant atmosphere and your ready sympathy, and because, unconsciously to himself, under your guidance, he always happens to light upon the very book he needs.

Then try next the cataloguing. As the books come streaming in you feel as if you were on the shores of Newfoundland, and that the books are like the cod, "coming down the coast, ten million fish like one grey ghost." You marvel how these thousands of books will ever resolve themselves into their allotted posts, just as, if you thought at all, you must have marvelled how each of the ten million soldiers of the allied forces fell, each into his allotted post, in machine gun, aeroplane and field service.

But the mystery is solved as you learn Dewey's decimal system, and see how the workers tear the heart out of each book, discovering its appointed place. But unless you are a veritable bookworm you will not covet the task, for the concentration of

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thought is so intense that a worker is exhausted even after only six and a half hours a day. The reward comes in the tools sent out ready for the workman's use, and in the gain to the reader herself through the interest of the widely differing lines of thought that she is traversing.

But if you love children, it is best to go in search of them on a Saturday morning, and see them streaming in with an air of importance far greater than that of the university professor who is making his way upstairs into the Circulating or Reference Library. They rejoice in a feeling of intense independence, and are eagerly receptive of the ideals put before them, occasionally too receptive, as the unfortunate parents of a little, red-headed, five-year-old Lancelot found, for he nibbled the furniture till his father petitioned the Librarian "to give over telling about Canadian beavers and start in upon cats washing faces."

You see the children listening, entranced, in groups ranging from twelve to a hundred and thirty, or even a hundred and ninety. "I just shut my eyes and I see it." But the story stops, "the charms are o'erthrown," and the children swarm to the bookshelves, pleading for a chance to steep themselves over again in the magic world of giants and fairies.

You think, and think truly, that no work could be more fascinating, but it is by no manner of means play-work. Your responsibility lies not merely in telling the story in thrilling tones, in creating a thirst for reading and excitement, but in thinking out be-

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forehand exactly whither that excitement leads. The very fact that you are free puts you upon your honour to choose the highest ideals, and amongst those ideals the heroes of the Old Testament and New Testament stories. You may start with fairyland, but you will not rest till you come to the inspired land, and, beyond the gates of travel and romance, show them how to catch a glimpse of character as God sees it rather than as man sees it.

But we are still on the outskirts. Let us go one step further into the Reference Library, the most intense and vital workshop of the whole laboratory, the highest classroom of the University of Books. You may be proud, indeed, if you are sufficiently qualified, sufficiently well-read, alert and resourceful to be at home in this marvellous laboratory, in which the greatest interests of the community are being silently but surely worked out. Your alertness, reading and resourcefulness will be taxed to the limit. You will rejoice over what may be termed the really advanced work and the friendships you will form with the ablest thinkers, but you may not equally rejoice over the stumbler and the beginner as you are asked to lay your hand upon anything and everything, from a picture of a flea for an insect powder, to a dragon on its haunches or a Raphael's Sistine Madonna.

If, then, you are enamoured of Library work, what are the lines of preparation for it? In the first

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place, train yourself to a passion for books, and for the right type of books. Like Chaucer's clerk, you undoubtedly have at your "beddes hede twenty bookes clad in black and red," but what is the personality of those books? You have to distinguish between "the books you taste, the books you read, and the books you digest." For digestion, good wheaten bread and oat cakes, history and biography, build infinitely better muscle than the cream puffs of fiction.

Secondly, you must choose your books with an eye to the future. Catalogue them carefully, and remember that these days of small houses are fatal to any but well-chosen books. A large library in an outlying part of Canada was recently burnt in order to get rid of it; and another still more valuable would have followed suit but that it took too long to burn, and was, therefore, sold for a dollar. You may some day live in a flat or be otherwise cramped for room. Therefore, if you want romance, choose standard novels and avoid frivolous love stories, and, above all, the worse than love stories of to-day, the problem novels which leave a subtle, poisonous deposit behind them.

Thirdly, master your books instead of skimming over them. A young Canadian student told Jowett that he read three hours a day. "You read three hours a day, sir," was the reply, "but how many hours a day do you think?" William Jackson, a leading shipmaster, of Birkenhead, studied his *Encyclopædia*

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by day and night. The English peasant, with a well-mastered Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," has a culture and an appreciation of the values of life which is the envy of many of us to-day. A trader in the faraway recesses of Hudson's Bay oftentimes has a wealth and richness of thought which amazes you, till you find that the well chosen books he has mastered in his shack are entirely his own.

And lastly, reverence your books, and, above all, the Book of books. In the living out of that Book a newer day will illumine "like a shaft of light across the land." Old Bishop de Bury, of Durham, never travelled without a wagon load of books, or lent a book (for even fourteen century borrowers had scant consciences) save in the presence of five librarians. He bids us remember how "the most magnificent Moses" revered the Book of the Law, and how "our Saviour did not deliver the Book till He had closed it with His most holy hand."

For books are as mysterious and as eternal as the wireless messages which crossed the Alps above all the noise of artillery and the miseries of the earth, and sped forward into space beyond the nearest and the farthest star. There is the same thrill in standing in a library as at a wireless station where thoughts are for a moment arrested, and a still greater thrill in listening to the words "which will never pass away," the words more imperishable even than the stars, for

"Starres are poore bookes and often times do misse,
But this booke of starres lights to eternall blisse."

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CHAPTER IX.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

PART I.—THE UNIVERSITY COURSE

THE very sound of the words Domestic Science, with their touch of home, is refreshing after the more or less ambitious heights to which we have been soaring. Every true-hearted woman longs one day for a home of her own, for the tug of a little hand at her skirt, longs even for "darning little stockings for restless little feet," for "washing little faces to keep them clean and sweet."

Many people hold that domestic science spells running a house and cooking. They declare that given average brains, plus average ingenuity, plus a good sprinkling of caution and experiments, any ordinary woman can learn to keep house in a week, or if not exactly a week, at shortest shrift possible. They are clear as the day that, taken as a whole, domestic science specialists are far too set upon themselves.

Other people, just as behind the times as the first, think domestic science is a kind of elongated cookery book, intended to pander to general greed by practical demonstrations of more or less wasteful dishes. They forget that cookery is, after all, only a side issue, though a definitely essential side issue, of domestic economy.

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If you take up a prospectus, you find that domestic science at its fullest and best follows three main lines: The University course, the Teaching course, and the Housekeeping course. The University course demands matriculation at entering, and leads up by clear cut lines to an Arts degree. If you pass successfully, after a year's training at the Faculty of Education, you will be qualified to teach domestic science in a Collegiate, or if you prefer it, you can branch off into Social Service, or, if scientifically inclined, into laboratory work.

The second, the one or two-year course, requires matriculation and a year's training at the Normal, and qualifies for teaching cookery in the Public schools. But the third course, the Housekeeping course, is free and open to all and especially popular as it can be taken in long or short spells; three months, six months, one year, two years, and qualifies accordingly for housekeeping or dietetic work.

It is a Godsend to discover something which does not insist upon matriculation, for every here and there I am pretty sure that some of you have never passed nor will pass matriculation, and that you are dimly conscious that the mathematical corner of your brain is not a little rusty and unfinished. If domestic science had not left you this opening, you would have felt like the elderly bear who, at finding every bush cleared away from his beloved haunt on the Humber, in place of curling up as usual, "climbed on a

stump, gazed at the improvement long and deliberately, looked mournfully, and shuffled off."

Instead of shuffling off like the bear let us take heart and come down to actual detail. You are wondering how, in your sober senses, you could spend four long years over domestic science, but if you take up a prospectus you will change your mind and wonder, not how you can spend four long years, but how you can squeeze all those subjects into four short years. For, after all, there are but twenty-five precious lecturing hours in a week for literature, history and French, to say nothing of a dash of ethics and economics thrown in.

Then in the second place, a student must follow the line of a two-year University science course, and this time with a dash of biology and elementary medical work thrown in. This elementary medical work is necessary, for one of the most exciting and interesting issues of domestic science is experimenting under the doctors and discovering special food treatments for special diseases.

In the third place, a student must be intensely practical, and realize that half her success depends upon "putting her books away until she has learnt to use her eyes." She has to discover the why and the wherefore of the simplest phenomenon around her. Why two light garments are warmer than one heavy one; why ice cream freezes when the ice outside melts; why alkaline cleaners cannot be used on aluminum; why and what "mould" is; why she must take

the liveliest interest in "blackest moss" such as crusted the flower pots and everything else in poor Mariana's Moated Grange. But an eternal question mark does not go far without an eternal experimental mark. You have to persuade every food you touch to yield its virtues in whatever way will build up the best tissues, and the greatest energy. Therefore, you experiment over everything and anything, from the various methods of making baking powder, and the best substitutes for sugar and cereals, down to the temperature of an oven. You analyse every food again and again to discover the varying effect upon diseases and more especially upon diabetes; the varying effects of diets, more especially on infants and hospital patients generally. But cookery is not everything. You draw designs of kitchens with the best possible drainage, light and heating, and follow up your designs by the newest methods of cleansing and keeping generally healthful surroundings.

Taken in this way the four-year course in domestic science is not only heavy, but expensive, for it involves paying full University fees; and, therefore, you want to be assured of good openings ahead of you.

But you need be under no anxiety on that account. Granted that you are alert, capable, and well-equipped, you will find that your only difficulty will be that of choice, for there are many and interesting doors open to you. Those doors lead into teaching posts in the collegiates and scientific ventures of every

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kind. At this moment you will find four domestic science students in the Pathological Department in the University; another making analytical tests in the laboratory at Eaton's; another analysing textiles for manufacturing firms; others working in hospital and municipal laboratories.

But if you prefer organization to laboratory work, why not turn to openings among girl employees, meals in stores like Simpson's, or in lunch rooms as in the Bell Telephone Company, organizing school lunches in collegiates, community kitchens, and the like.

Then again you can never tell what sudden adventures are turning up in domestic science. In the Crimean War, Alexis Soyer was summoned away from his experiments on his magic stove, which were astonishing the aristocracy, outside his office in Charing Cross, London, to the invention of the cooking wagon and the reorganizing and victualling of hospitals under Florence Nightingale. But in the crisis of this present Great War it was women, highly skilled in cookery, not men, who volunteered and successfully economized and reorganized the canteens at the Front.

But apart from unexpected posts and questions of adventure, ordinary and every-day posts are well paid. In high school teaching you realize anywhere from a thousand to eighteen hundred dollars, and in a really good Science post the salary increases on and on beyond. The truth is, year by year workers

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are harder to get, for the number of domestic science students is thinned off rapidly as marriage comes whistling down the ways, and steals away name after name from the list of promising students.

The one or two-year course is less exhaustive than the four-year, and confines itself more directly to practical work, although a foundation knowledge of chemistry, and especially the chemistry of foods, is necessary. You will enjoy this practical work, the cookery, dressmaking and laundry, and be fairly certain of a good position at finishing at a salary of anywhere from seven hundred to a thousand dollars.

Moreover, as you inspire girls with a feeling that home-keeping is as interesting and important as any other profession, you will help to check the restless longing to be out of doors; a longing so irresistible that even in the very wilds you come upon desolate groups of little children playing around a tell-tale pile of empty tins and you find that the mother is away at work, half the time not because she must be, but simply because she cannot stay at home.

Then again, you are rendering national service by teaching, not only unmarried, but married girls the purchasing power and wise use of the dollar. It is heart-breaking to see business girls, only a year or two out of school, entangled in debt over useless finery, and still more heart-breaking to see married girls haunted perpetually by a lurking wretchedness, a feeling like that of the boy who confessed on his

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return from college that he had brought everything with him "except the bills."

PART II.—THE HOUSEKEEPING COURSE

The Housekeeping Course comes like an April breeze after its more exigent neighbors, for it is less scientific, can be varied in length according to demand, and is intensely practical, occupied with home problems, cooking, cleaning, buying, selling, and the like. But, best of all, it brings a spring of hope to the girls who have been kept at home and broken-hearted at seeing chance after chance of learning a trade, and going out into the world, slip out of their hands. If you have crossed school age, it takes all your pluck to say good bye to your friends and see them launching out into the world, whilst you are left to settle down to the same everlasting round of daily chores, and never get one step further. You console yourself by the truth, by telling yourself that you are wanted, that your work is the most necessary for you in the world, that you are helping your delicate mother, that you are turning out a brood of healthy adventurous brothers and sisters.

But with it all, now and again, do what you will, you wonder what will come at the last when the bars of duty are at length let down and you are free to follow your own heart's desire, free, but too old to start out easily into the world. This Housekeeping Course will give you heart to set your teeth and go bravely forward. No matter how busy you may be

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you can surely snatch three months, six months, here and there for a course at the nearest Domestic Science School. Or, even if that is altogether out of the question, you can still join one of the many Domestic Science classes which will fit you for Cookery, Dress-making or Millinery. But whatever your bent may be, see to it that in that particular bent you are A-1 in your work. You must keep ahead of the tombstone in Massachusetts, which tells that the poor lady lying underneath "averaged well for her community." Your business is to excel, not to average.

If you want to be a successful Dietician in a hospital, a capable Housekeeper of a large institution, a Manager of a lunch room, you bring an asset if, in addition to your skill, you have learnt in quiet home work a strong sense of duty and a power of initiative which will be valued far ahead of certificates.

These short courses are not only of value in themselves, but they keep you from being restless while staying at home. They keep you happy in the thought that, quiet as you may be, you are still beating your way forward into the forefront of the profession, that you are abreast of the times, instead of being "a toad within a stone, Seated while time crumbles on."

But people will tell you that it is wasting your time to take a Housekeeping Course if you are already Housekeeping and Cooking at home all the day long. They cannot see the sense of spending three months, not to say six months, training if you already know all about it.

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It is true you may know a great deal about it if you belong to a family of good house keeping traditions, and have kept up with those traditions. It is said that a University consists, in the last analysis, in sitting on a log with a good professor at the one end and a student at the other. Your home may be the log, your mother the professor at the one end and you at the other, and if so, you ought to be an efficient Housekeeper. But, capable as your mother may be, you still have to remember that Domestic Science is like the Octopus, hundred-handed, and that there are endless inventions and devices for oiling the wheels of cookery and household work generally.

But what about the other subjects? You say you do not want to be bothered with bacteriology, but I wonder where we should all be to-day without bacteriology? But taking bacteriology apart even from its more scientific issues, how can you tell that you will never need it if some day you are in charge of a large school or factory? The superintendent of a factory school preached herself sick and sore against towseled hair and insanitary hair dressing generally, and effected nothing till she made a bacteriological cult, first of the dust off a ledge, then secondly of the germs from a common towel after the girls' hands had been dried upon it, and thirdly, from a hair off a girl's head. These cults she demonstrated to the class, and from that day on had no further trouble with the girls, and rejoiced in a complete reformation.

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Then think of the joy of marrying with a feeling of power in place of a risky self-confidence, like that of the Tumblies, who, in spite of all their friends could say:—

“On a winter morning, on a stormy day,
They went to sea in a sieve they did,
In a sieve they went to sea.”

Then again. If you have a good head for organization and capital at command, why not join two or three comrades and start a tearoom of your own? You can make that tearoom more original and self-supporting if you send out from it trained workers in uniform, just as a registry sends out trained nurses. Your telephone will ring again and again demanding “craftswomen” to take charge of an invalid at the stage when good food is more necessary than nursing; to cater for a dinner party; to furnish a house; to step into any and every emergency. The salary should be almost, if not quite, as good as that of trained nurses, and will be if the girls are highly trained and skilful.

If you are a shrewd buyer, and can command capital, or can obtain the influence of others who command capital, you can start a co-operative league. The International Co-operative League in England grew by individual energy from the smallest beginning, until arrested in war time, into a vast economic experiment. It numbered 2,701,000 families buying food, clothing and houses from this one alliance. It ran a dozen factories, had its own fleet of steamships

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plying between England and Mexico and Peru, and distributed eleven million dollars among its stockholders.

If you prefer Social Service and feel called to it, you can try out the problem of community kitchens, or coffee rooms in place of saloons, or lunch rooms for workers.

The first important necessity is to get good technical training for yourself, the second is to practice that training wherever you can, and the third, when the time comes, to launch out fearlessly.

But now to take the three courses, the Scientific, the Teaching, the Housekeeping, upon still broader lines. Can you feel satisfied in the last analysis that they are really worth while? Can you feel satisfied that from the one or the other you can make so strong a mark for God and the right as to warrant giving a lifetime to it? I believe you can.

Apart from the practical benefit to yourself you will tell in bringing about a new day for Canada.

"If we would build anew
And build to stay,
We must find God again
And go His way."

The hearthstone is the royal gathering place for finding God and building anew to the little children who gather around it. I verily believe that the Archangel Gabriel who, we are told, would as willingly sweep a crossing as rule a kingdom, rejoices beyond telling if called to his best-beloved task, and that

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task the lighting of a blazing fire, and the throwing open of casement and portal to the homesick passerby on the street.

In bygone days Canada was famed for these very blazing logs and open casement. Never a storm-driven traveller but looked forward, after the deepening snowdrift or glutinous mud he had waded through, to a welcome by a blazing fireside and a share of the ever-going frying pan, with its savory freight of venison and salmon.

But times have changed; hospitality is infinitely more difficult than of yore. The city is crowded with strangers, and old Major Small, of hospitable memory, could not now-a-days stand outside his gate in King Street inviting, nay compelling the chance passerby of his acquaintance to turn in and taking no refusal till forty or fifty were gathered around the polished side of his mahogany board, groaning under its weight of spiced beef, ham and turkey.

But times have changed. Venison is no longer a halfpenny a pound, and salmon are no longer speared a hundred and twenty in the night. Servants cost more than four dollars a month.

We need hospitality. Think of the dreariness of the mining camps, and of the pathetic courage of a poor lad who roused himself from the most desperate homesickness and purchased a pound of every condiment he could think of at the little store. Think then of his stirring them together after the fashion of his Mother's Christmas pudding, and on Christmas

morning standing at the wayside with a huge spoonful of his steamy, sticky compound, which he presented with "A Merry Christmas," to every other fellow as lonely as himself.

But if our own boys and girls are homesick, what of the girls and boys from overseas? Remember the royal hospitality which has been handed out in England all these war days, and then think of the days so rapidly coming when "scattered like a flock of pigeons," there will come:—

"Half a hundred homesick ships
Bearing half a hundred striplings,
Each with kisses on his lips."

You girls, if you make a delightful duty of it, wherever you may be, north, south, east, west, can hold out a royal hand of welcome, for you have learnt the art of good housekeeping, and you can bid those boys and girls rejoice in the cheer of your kindly hospitality.

You know how to buy, you know how to turn off work, and, therefore, you can entertain at far less labor and far less cost than any of your neighbors. If expense matters, you can be courageous and learn, like the kind-hearted, but somewhat poverty-stricken ladies of Cranford, that hospitality lies in good will far more than in eatables and drinkables, and that an "elegant economy" even a wafer of bread and butter, and the sponge biscuits of their evening entertainments, leave a very happy memory.

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But supposing straitened means compel you to offer practically nothing save the happiness of your fireside and a quiet understanding, you will find more especially as you grow older, that even that counts for more than you think. You can never measure the power of the woman who:—

“Listens till our plans grow clear,
The woman who understands.”

Therefore, thank God if you have the chance in great organization or quiet home to “minister to Christ and render noblest duty,” by touching “life’s common round to fragrance and to beauty.” You render “noblest duty,” according to the definiteness of your own decision for Christ. You touch to fragrance and to beauty according to your own personal communion with Christ; for in home as in garden it is eternally true that:—

“Adam was a gardener and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener’s work is done upon his knees.
So when your work is finished, you can fold your hands and
pray

For the glory of the garden, that it may not pass away,
And the glory of that garden it shall never pass away.”

CHAPTER X

PART I.—THE BUSINESS WORLD

AT length we catch sight of what older people call the debatable land, younger people the delectable land; that is to say, women's life in office, bank or store. They differ because older people look dubiously; they see nothing beyond a mass of heavy buildings against a dark sky: younger people look hopefully; they see an imaginary world, half sunlight, half gloom, which they are set upon exploring for themselves. The truth is it is difficult for either the one or the other to judge truly of this unknown land of business life which has flashed so suddenly upon them that they do not fully realize the quality of its appeal.

A few years ago who could have foretold these new openings, this "moving of the water where the ships had lain asleep," this "rising of the wind along the shore"? Who could have foreseen the mighty stream of business women pouring, day in day out, into office, bank or store? Who could have foretold that managers and bankers would so imperatively require a world of women to meet the increased speed of business, or that a world of women would so imperatively require new outlets to meet the increased cost of living?

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But, foreseen or unforeseen, the fact remains, that to-day hundreds of thousands of women, better paid, better dealt with than the Bob Cratchit of "The Christmas Carol," are holding their own down town, and are not only the mainstay of themselves, but half the time the mainstay of their households. It is easy to see why women wanting work are there, but it is not quite so easy to see why hundreds, not to say thousands, of well-to-do, easy-going girls, who are under no necessity to work, are there also. One and all, in school and University alike, seem "brushed with a hiss of rustling wings." But why are they so restless? Is it dollars and cents, or is it the chance of stepping into well-paid work with comparatively small delay of apprenticeship? Or is it a re-action against the "sleepy land where under the same old wheel the same old rut still deepens year by year"?

The strange part is that as certainly as the tall flushed spikes of the fire weed are an aftermath of a fire, so a fresh impetus towards women's work is an aftermath of war. It may take years to develop, as it took years for women to step forward after Florence Nightingale broke open the way to nursing. But for weal or for woe it comes. Or it may be impatience of restraint. The earlier generation wearied of exhortations, such as we find in Noah Webster's "Letters to Young Women," "to be content to be mild, social and sentimental." Or it may be necessity. Girls felt the helplessness of the weaker type of finishing schools of half a century ago, the painting on vel-

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vet, the "extras," down to "the getting in and out of a carriage." They demanded something which would give them a chance of working for themselves, examination tests, gymnastics, sports, anything, everything which would make them physically, mentally, and spiritually able to press forward in the battle of life.

But weariness and necessity were nothing beside the later call of patriotism, the greater impetus, the growth of fire weed, as it were, which sprang up as the aftermath of this present war. The world, like Jupiter, groaned under a most heavy headache, and in that agony hundreds of thousands of soldiers stepped out of their office doors, and hundreds of thousands of women stepped out of their homes to take their places.

The first shock of the tragedy was hardly over before fourteen hundred girls had enlisted for service at the desks of one bank alone in Canada; two thousand six hundred at the desks of another in England. But these girls were only a detail compared with the million and a half women engaged in munitions, shipping offices, war offices, insurance companies, farms, hospitals, at will and at call, until a woman became a customary figure in the business world and bought a freight steamer as calmly as she had bought a bonnet a year or two before.

But this question as to how the doors, one after another, flew open, is somewhat beside the mark, so far as you are concerned. You want to know not only how far those same doors are likely to remain open,

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but also, the still more important question as to how far you are wise in trying to pass through those half-open doors.

No one can answer the question as to the future of women's work in the business world at the present moment. It lies in the lap of the gods. But anyone may venture an opinion upon certain individual types of work, upon certain individual types of women who will or will not succeed in that work. What is good work? Every woman has a right to demand something congenial, something from which she will emerge a stronger, finer woman. Every woman wants a good financial wage to-day, and a more or less satisfying prize to-morrow. She wants something worth doing for its own sake, something worth doing for other people's sake.

With this thought in mind let us take stenography, banking, and salesmanship, three typical down-town professions, one by one, and place them in the scales and weigh them. But in doing so, let us be upon our guard. You long

"To cross the bar and feel the spray
Where wind and waves have freest play."

But do not cross too soon. It is very easy to throw aside your books and set to work. You are certain nobody down town is worrying over the question of the Subjunctive Mood, or the Asses' Bridge. That is true; but every manager down town is trying to find girls who have exercised their brains over the Sub-

junctive Mood and Asses' Bridge, and have matriculated. They would give their right hand for a girl of mental grip, clean and sharp as a hound's tooth; a girl of wide intelligence, who is exercising her brain upon something more substantial than the catch-penny of the advertisement column.

You will find they were right in asking you to wait, when your turn comes and you find that you command four dollars a week more than your old-time companion who eased off the moment after Entrance, and stayed at the shorthand school only long enough to catch the veriest technique. You are thankful that you are marked out as an effective and wanted, in place of being a "green hand," drifting from office to office. You are thankful that you waited till you could compose a good letter, till you were safe against egregious errors of spelling, such as "a medi-evil saint," or Roosevelt hunting a "hipper-pottermouse." You are thankful your Mary is not "sitting on a style," nor your Joan of Arc "tied to a steak," nor your graven image (idol), an "idle maid without hands."

But salary and success are not everything. The question is: How far will you like it? You may like the feeling of independence, of adventure; the pay envelope, the relaxation at the week end. But you will scarcely have learnt the run of the office, scarcely have got your head above water, before the question of outlook will begin to trouble you. You will feel that you are settling, if not into a sleepy

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land, yet into a rut more tiresome than any so-called sleepy land, of teaching or nursing. And, what is worse, you have hardly got the run of the office before you ascertain that within two years you will know as much and be as far forward as in twenty, and that from twenty years on your value as a stenographer will decline.

Then second to the lack of outlook comes the monotony of the work itself. It is not long before you find things in life more exciting than lists of stock, or business letters, all more or less first cousins to one another. You will find sounds more soothing than half a dozen machines clicking at top speed against one another. You will find comrades more entrancing than your next door neighbour, forever fidgeting with her vanity box and arranging her hair, forever on the look-out for invitations to lunch or motor with any chance man willing to amuse himself at her expense. There are joys greater than seeing the door swing open and your manager descend upon you at five o'clock with a sheaf of letters which must be attended to.

You are longing to work, provided you are not kept down, provided that you are not forced to keep pace beside the frivolous girl or the idler, and to dawdle along the path of routine work forever. You will grudge nothing, provided you can see daylight ahead of you. If you want that daylight, make up your mind as soon as you can as to the particular profession you intend to follow, or as to the particular

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business you want to manage, and aim accordingly.

If you are thirsting for a profession and saving money for a University course, take a post in a newspaper office or under a literary man so that you may learn to express your thoughts and ideas readily. If you work hard you will find, once you reach the University, that you outstrip the average girl beside you. If you want advertising, (which pays very well, as a profession,) then take a stenographer's post in the advertising department of a departmental store. If you are aiming at interior decoration, take work under an architect; if you decide upon business, choose your office and as soon as you can gain entrance learn the innermost heart of that business. If a woman can become secretary to a prime minister, as a woman to-day is to Lloyd George, you can, week by week, according to your ability, become so shrewd and understanding that in course of time you will gradually slip either into the position of private secretary to your manager, or, later and better still, into that of assistant to that manager.

But, remember, the road will be long and tiresome. There will be plenty of room at the top, but there is no elevator to swing you swiftly aloft; your only access will be up steep and stony stairs. As you mount those stairs, you must not only shoulder greater and greater responsibility year after year, but you must face making that ascent apparently unnoticed and probably for many a long day without immediate recognition or rise of salary. But when at last that

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recognition, that rise of salary comes, you have a splendid prospect ahead of you, provided only that you guard against one last and very real danger.

You have not shouldered the work without, as a rule, becoming ten times more enthusiastic over it even than the manager himself. The more enthusiastic you are the more he relies upon you and increases your work and increases your salary till, like many a girl before you, you earn from sixty-five to seventy-five dollars a week. But this is exactly where the danger comes in. You are tempted to work on and on, ahead of your strength. Then you begin to break; then, despite the kindness of the manager, despite a possible trip south, despite help over an operation, your candle burns out at both ends and, unless something intervenes, you either break down finally or die.

But suppose, after careful survey of the land, you decide against stenography. What about banking? This would have been delightful a year or two ago when you felt you were opening up new lines of service, when you knew that you were setting a man free for military service. But the glamor is passed. The girls in banks are holding their own, but the banks, save as to stenographers, are closed. How far, if at all, will they re-open? That depends upon the final verdict of the managers as to the suitability of girls for banking; and of the girls upon the rival claims of the labor market. For there is a division of opinion upon the subject. Bank managers have decided that they have a wider choice of girls than

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of boys, for girls are enthusiastic and willing to come at all costs, whereas boys tell you to your face that banking is the worst paid of all professions, and that they are out for adventure.

But managers have discovered, on the other hand, that the girl has drawbacks. She is apt to break down, and they find filling her break-down expensive and annoying. A girl cannot be despatched as readily from a bank at the east end of the city to a bank at the west end. She cannot be despatched as recklessly from Vancouver to the Yukon, and thence to Halifax, as her brother. And finally, no matter how promising she may be, she is too apt, from the manager's point of view, to marry.

But the reluctance is not all upon the manager's side. The girls in their turn have discovered that banks have drawbacks. It is no fun working night after night for a week to locate a missing three cents; no fun training juniors and, if those juniors are boys, seeing them shoot ahead at higher salary; no fun working on and on without the ghost of a chance of being general manager; no fun working at top speed and seeing the man beside you, who is working at what you call ten dollar speed, for the sake of increased salary quickening to fifteen or twenty dollar speed, and never turning a hair over it.

To sum up: Try, if you will, your fill of stenography and banking today, but think out a more soul-stirring, soul-satisfying life for to-morrow.

CHAPTER XI.

SALESMANSHIP

SUPPOSE neither stenography nor banking look promising, why not consider the question of salesmanship? It is a long day's march away from the feeling of old days and the carefully thought out decree of Mrs. Jamieson in Cranford, that Miss Matty might sell her "tea in bright green canisters and comfits in tumblers," without incurring the loss of their society. The old ladies would have lifted holy hands of horror if a suspicion had dawned upon them that selling might some day become even distantly fashionable. The very thought of a departmental store, such as Marshall Field's, was far beyond their horizon, still further the idea that Marshall Field himself should advertise for University women as ultimate heads of departments.

We might ask why departmental stores want University women as leaders when a few years ago business men held that a University education unfitted a boy for business life? Either they have changed their minds, or else a University education is less unsettling for women than for men. But be that as it may, there is no question we are on the brink of a change, on the brink of mastering the truths taught by the war.

How far, in this question of salesmanship are the States ahead of us? At first sight, very far. For

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thirty years their commercial schools have been scattering themselves up and down the country and number now some 600,000 students. They are ahead of us, again, because where we jog along on an all too short six months' course or year's course, and in that course stick fast to the main line of office routine, stenography and bookkeeping, they have launched out into an ambitious four years' course. Exactly how far that course will succeed remains to be seen. At the moment boys and girls are advised to keep one foot, so to speak, inside the ordinary school door, the other inside the commercial school door. In other words, they are advised to look through the spectacles of history, science and mathematics at commerce on the one side, and at history, science and mathematics, through the spectacles of commerce, on the other.

The programme sounds alluring, but the question is how far the two will succeed in playing into each other's hands, or how far they will, like the two stone bottles, nicely balanced on either side John Gilpin's leather belt, be in danger of dashing one against another? The experiment may succeed under skilful hands, but under average hands the two rivals will more probably, like Lewis Carroll's butcher and beaver, "wholly from nervousness, not from goodwill, march along shoulder to shoulder."

But at the moment you are left in Canada to pick up your salesmanship by the light of your own mother wit, or from the lecturing groups of the great departmental stores. You have to depend, therefore, upon

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your own personality and previous scholarship, or upon your power of solving a problem whilst your slower witted companion is still twisting her pencil.

But the question as to the joy of commerce is as yet unanswered. It has its good points. You can step into a store and experiment without apprenticeship, and step out again as often as you will. You can sweep your mind clear at night and keep it free till the shutters, so to speak, are taken down at eight-thirty next morning. You can start, even as a raw apprentice, at nine to ten dollars, or (if you have culture and good presence), begin at fifteen and rise to twenty or twenty-five dollars.

But in commerce, as in stenography, you must have an ascertained future. You must be certain that you will not be kept, like a squirrel in a cage, in one perpetual round, but that you can certainly look forward and press forward to a prize.

You would be impossibly restless standing behind a counter selling ribbons to eternity. But you would not be equally restless if you knew that you had a chance of earning the highest salary going in the ordinary women's world, the salary of a buyer, reaching possibly anywhere from eight to ten thousand dollars a year. In prospect of such promotion, it is worth while asking how you can make yourself a buyer.

This is where the question, not only of your ambition, but of your personality comes in, for the race is most essentially to the swift, the battle to the strong. In the first place, so far as the store itself is concerned,

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you must care as intensely for your own particular end of the enterprise as if the fate of the world itself turned upon your one particular corner of the store.

Secondly, so far as you yourself are concerned, you must bite back every grumble till you are known as a girl who cheerfully catches hold, lifts and puts through whatever comes first to hand without asking idiotic questions.

Thirdly, so far as your customer is concerned, you must diagnose that customer as rapidly and keenly as a specialist and suit your prescription accordingly. Your patient will know in a second how far you are forwarding her interests, how far your own. She will trust you, no matter how irritated she may be at the moment, if you lure her on until she buys what she really needs instead of what she thinks she needs, if you lure her past the hat of her ambition to-day to the hat of her ambition to-morrow and the day after. She will appreciate your tact and understanding, and in future times wait until you can attend to her. You will never urge a cushion upon her because your mother has had one like it for years, or a blouse because all the girls in the store are keen upon it.

This genuine kindliness and genuine courtesy is the last word in good salesmanship. It is hard to break away from your companions and attend to one stranger after another, but you will meet your own reward. A young clerk, one wet, stormy day, in a deserted New York store, broke away from a gathering of comrades, eagerly discussing a football match, and did his utmost for a somewhat storm-driven

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woman who, at leaving, inquired his name. To his astonishment, and that of the head of the firm, a few days later, a letter came from that same customer, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, demanding the young clerk's services for the refurnishing of Skibo Castle.

But, supposing for the moment, that you see no prospect ahead of you, that you feel that you are lagging behind, and that you are one of a numberless crowd of every day workers, condemned to an eternal round, and never getting any further. Have you cause for your down-heartedness? Are you lagging because you are frivolous and idle? There is no more room for the idler in the business world any more than there is for that same idler anywhere else in the world. You are and will be, till you turn over a new leaf, like Mahomet's coffin, drifting halfway between heaven and earth, week in week out, drifting from one post to another.

But if you are left behind because you prefer routine work to enterprise, because somehow you cannot forge your way to the front, can you still take heart? Good work is intensely worth while whatever it may be.

"The wisest thing we suppose that a man can do for his land,
Is the work that lies under his nose,
With the tools that lie under his hand."

You can be an "effective" if you keep yourself at your best, if you refuse to rack yourself to pieces by night, and then work yourself to pieces by day. Count von Bernstoff hit the mark at the start of the war

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when he declared that the nation with the best women would win the war; and you will win your own particular war, provided you keep early hours, take swimming and gymnastics, avoid the temptation of quick lunches, or, still more fatal, rushed breakfasts. For if in your haste your meals do not altogether "take to you," you will sympathize with the small children who, when called upon to define a "green-eyed monster," wavered between "a whale" and "a teacher who does not take to you," and finally finished up with what for them was the greenest-eyed of all—indigestion.

Secondly, you have to fight for all you are worth against the feeling: "I cannot live without business, but if I could I might," for indifference is fatal to success. Your best weapon in the fight against staleness will be trying to excel not only in work but in your favorite hobby, chess, music, swimming, what you will.

Thirdly, it is hard lines to be away from home where everybody more or less reckons you perfect, and in an office where everybody more or less thinks you imperfect and bestows the fag ends of their work upon you. You will be none the worse for those same fag ends, though at times you may feel like Nebuchadnezzar, in the under-graduate's poem, who, when turned out to grass, is reported to have "Exclaimed," as he ate the unwonted food, "This may be wholesome, but it isn't good."

Lastly, it is worth while as you translate the busi-

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ness girl's code of honor into your everyday life, as "you never sneak, you never brag, you never talk about your work, you pay whether you are asked for it or not, and you go through the world with clean hands." You find strength for that code, and beyond that code, in your own personal religion, in Church work, choir work, Bible Class; in struggling for your sister, not against your sister; in remembering that you are not

"A narrow raft alone upon the hungry sea
Whereon is but a little space,
And each must look out for a place
To thrust her sister in the sea."

Meantime, it is some consolation to remember that you are indispensable. The business world may say little, but that same business world is perfectly aware that it would be lost but for you and for your comrades, the girls who may be termed the steady-going, general practitioners of the office.

But supposing that you are keenly ambitious, that you are positive that you could forge your way ahead in almost any profession, is office work still worth while? That depends upon what you reckon worth while, depends upon how far you are out for Social Service, how far for dollars and cents. Social Service, if you can find it in business life, will satisfy you; dollars and cents, in the last analysis, a kind of Hetty Green's existence, will never satisfy you. But you can help your fellows if you combine with other leading women and start a woman's departmental

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store, a business in which even the youngest knows that she can rise to the highest post of trust.

This has been done on a less extensive scale in shirtwaist factories, in stocking factories, in Almy's in Montreal, in the Mary Elizabeth tea-rooms and candy stores; the work of one daring woman's hand after another.

The second highway is the help which you can give in solving down town life and down town problems. This may demand sacrifice, for you can give no information till you have been the tired little cash girl, the marker, the sales girl, the head of stock, the assistant buyer, on and up. In doing this you are following the women who, under the manager's hand, are transforming the life of the great departmental stores. They are organizing infirmaries, rest-rooms, holiday outlets, early closing, hostels, and as you carry out these reforms the business girls will be behind you, step by step, provided you organize them judiciously, provided you take self-government into account.

The business girl appreciates every change, but appreciates the hostel most of all. She knows the difference between the incessant chatter of three or four comrades in the back room of a crowded boarding-house, and the hostel, with open fire, swimming tanks and gymnasium. She knows the difference between meeting her boy friends in tea-room in place of "movie" or street. She appreciates the feeling that somebody cares, and that home and light are awaiting her at the day's end.

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But what about the influence of business life upon you yourself? If you marry, will you be the better for it? "A spirit, yet a woman, too." That turns upon your definition of the word "woman." The wise woman in Proverbs 31 understood buying a field and planting a vineyard, understood foreseeing and forestalling calamities. "She was not afraid of the snow, for all her household were clothed with scarlet"; and so far as her husband and children were concerned, her price was above rubies. You, like the wise woman, will understand the management and value of money, but have you as skilled practice in meeting sickness as a nurse, in running a household as a Domestic Science student, in handling children as a teacher? And yet business women marry, and marry well. It is said the average life of a stenographer is from six to eight years, owing largely to this very question of marriage. How is she to train for it? Business colleges in the States urge her to absorb herself in business altogether. They write the words, "Don't darn," high upon the wall of entrance hall or lecture-room, and tell the girls they cannot work by day and attend to the little duties, the little niceties of a leisured woman's life by night.

But it is one thing to preach, another to practise. A girl's salary is not her brother's salary. A girl's clothes are more exacting and tiresome than her brother's. If she lives at home, she has to choose between making a maid of her mother or paying someone to do her share of the work; if she lives in a

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boarding-house, she has to choose between risking her health or running on the thin edge of her income.

But supposing, for a minute, that you have independent means, or so good a salary that you can afford to let your work be the be-all and end-all of your life. Think of the wretchedness of being so absorbed in turning your life into dollars and cents that, Scrooge-like, you flavor your melancholy dinner by the prospect of an evening at your bank-book! Think of the fascination of your independent income and the excitement of the game, being so grave that you cannot leave it! Think of deciding that for you, at any rate, there will be no home life of your own!

"No little, tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
No little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you."

You belong, it is true, to the women of whom it is said that "God has caught our youth and wakened us from sleeping," but that awakening must be to the highest and the best. You pray, therefore, that as you are

"A being drawing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death,"

you may be touched with "a hallowed fire from out His secret place," the fire of home service and Christ service. For

"But once you pass this way, and then no more,
But once, and then the silent door
Swings on its hinges."

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CHAPTER XII

THE CALL OF MISSIONS

WHEN we were interviewing the outstanding professions we stipulated that they should, one and all, offer "a living wage with a prize at the end of it, or else we could not take them into consideration." Somehow or other we never stopped to define what we meant by a prize. We tacitly assumed power, place or influence. But, after all, what is a prize? A soldier of the Old Guard would have replied, "A glance of Napoleon's eye"; St. Paul, "to be with Christ, which is far better." For that, he "died daily"; for that he stripped himself of every weight, for that he laid aside everything that hindered.

Looking at a prize in the light of St. Paul's definition, taking it as the winning out for Christ, what profession offers the best chance of winning that prize?

Miss Beale, one of the greatest, if not the greatest woman of her age, held that teaching offered the most open chance of winning that prize, and that what the world needed above everything was an army of women "whose one desire was to consecrate themselves to the ministry of teaching." She showed her own belief in that theory by teaching till she

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literally laid her down to die. But the world in general does not agree with her, for it sees only the mechanical, dry as dust, side of school life, a kind of harsh drill, a medley of French verbs and historical dates. It takes a born teacher to know the underlying joy of character training, the underlying chance of teaching truths "with hands and feet," truths that grip a child for life.

Now there are certain professions which are more altruistic than others, because they give themselves more entirely to spiritual endeavour. They are generally recognized as Missionary work, Deaconess work, Social Service and Y.W.C.A. work. They, like teaching and everything else, become mechanical in mechanical hands, but, like teaching, they are and ought to be, from their very nature, essentially spiritual in spiritual hands. They recognize a touch of Christ upon the shoulder, the royal mandate, "go," and they obey that mandate, even though it may send them to the uttermost end of the earth. They dare to the death for—

"Except life itself be cast in the scale,
No life can be won,
No cause prevail."

If you are out for a cause, if you are casting life into the scale, you want to know the qualifications for high-grade missionary work? Take it that you are a leader and a graduate of your university and are making your final decision on the last evening of your last term. There are certain considerations you will

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almost certainly reject. You cannot, like the C.P.R., take "Safety First," as your motto. You cannot, like the typical little Blue Devil, reply:

"For myself I swim,
But I cannot but think
There is somebody sinking outside."

You cannot satisfy your soul's thirst with a wild chase, like a meteor at a comet's tail, after popularity and society. You cannot take dollars as an end in themselves, though there are endless things you could do with dollars. You are asking a work which you can start with a joyous "sting" of delight, a work in which you will find a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

That work will necessitate a pathway of conquest, a pathway of sacrifice, cemented by blood. You want a work intensely worth while, so worth while that, if need be, you can die for it; so worth while that, like the observer who, when all else had been lightened in vain, threw himself from the aeroplane into space, content to die if only the films on which the fate of the impending battle turned, might be saved.

Is Mission work, from this point of view, worth while, worth living for, worth dying for? It is easy to sing "Waft, waft ye winds His story," and sit down and wait, hoping that those winds may waft it for themselves. It is very difficult to tell that story unless you are gripped by the power of the Cross, so gripped that you can die for it, so under Christ's power that

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you feel like Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, who, when asked what he reckoned to be his greatest discovery, replied, "Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour."

Or, take a concrete case. There have been Hindus in your year at college. You may have liked one of them, and found him intelligent and charming as you could wish. You rejoiced in making him feel at home, and in extending a hand of chivalrous fellowship. You did it partly because you liked him, partly because you felt so desperately sorry for him. You hated to think that, after his brilliant examination, he would have to go back to a wife in a zenana, a poor child who knew nothing of his ambitions and his struggles, knew nothing of his deepest thoughts. You readily understand that "The Fisher of the Night" who is "forever trolling in the sky," whose "cloudy craft is lapped in light,"

"Who as he rides still softly sings,
The magic song of sleep.
The while he deftly baits and flings
His tackle in the deep."

will joyously fling those baits and that tackle thick and fast over a man like your Hindu friend and his luckless wife in the zenana—

"For he has baits for every whim,
And lines for every sin."

What can you do to help him or, which is more to the point, what can you do to help the wife so

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cruelly conscious of her inferiority, so piteously struggling to live up to him?

You may have admired the influence which a Medical Missionary gains, and wished that you had been one yourself, but have you ever considered the influence which, as a teaching Missionary, you might have over girls, and the contribution which, by a Christian school, you might bring towards solving the Indian problem of the future?

What are the requirements of a teaching Missionary? First, a passion of love to God, a passion which expresses itself in a longing to clear away every hideous idol, every tangled, distorted ideal, every false representation of God. And, secondly, a love which expresses itself in a longing to satisfy the deep underlying thirst in every soul, a thirst such as that of the poor Hindu woman, spoken of by Dr. Andrews, of Delhi. You can see her crawling a thousand miles through dust, dirt and heat on the chance of catching sight of what might be a vision of God, a burst of natural gas from a cleft in the Himalayas, which now and again leaps up and takes fire in the air. For this she prostrates herself seven or eight hundred times every mile, for this she mutters two words and two words only, "Uski Darshan," "Vision of Him."

But, secondly, what are the practical requirements? You have to reckon upon taking two years of more or less extensive training before going out, and upon a further year, at the least, after going out, spent in learning the language, and finally, upon five

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or six years of exile before getting any furlough.

But expense and length of service will be neither here nor there, if you realize that the work is richly worth while. It has its recompense, the romance and adventure, the friendships with others like-minded. But these, after all, are mere side issues compared with the service to God and man. You will be finally swayed by two facts: First, that the Hindoos are literally demanding education, and secondly, that the Government is literally at its wit's end to meet that demand.

If you decide upon teaching, two courses are ahead of you. You can take a post in a Middle School or High School under the Government, at an excellent salary, where, if you cannot definitely teach religion, you can, at the least, maintain a high Christian ideal and find endless chances of delightful intercourse with the girls. Or, if you prefer it, you can take a post in a definitely Christian school, though possibly at less salary, such a school as the Kinnaird School at Lahore, or the Isabel Thoburn School, at Lucknow. In either of these you can teach Scripture to your heart's content, and look forward, if you make your mark, to a possible Principalship, if not in one or other of these two schools, at any rate, in some similar and smaller school.

But if you are not altogether determined upon Missionary work, what about deaconess work? How far have you ever taken it seriously into considera-

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tion? You may turn away at first, saying, there is not a flash of inspiration or day dream about it. You are right, there is little or no adventure, next to no dollars, nothing but straight forward hard work here in Canada. And yet, if you could only see that deaconess work in its true light, you would recognize that it is the highest type of Social Service. It may not be inspiring at first to come across a deaconess taking a mothers' meeting, helping a mother in a back slum, taking a class in Sunday School, but as the days pass you will begin to understand the weight of her power. You will find that her class sets the tone of the Sunday School, her Bible Class trains the teachers, above all, that she is the friend of the shy country girl who is trying to find herself in the city, and the friend of everyone in sickness and distress.

But if you want deaconess work in its most attractive form, follow it out West. You will notice that the churches which are most alive, the churches which are crowded to the door, inevitably have a quiet woman sitting at the end with a cluster of children around her. She may be deaconess, a clergyman's wife, or simply a worker, it matters not. You will see that everyone greets her and turns for a word of sympathy and cheer on the way out. But the Church is not by any means all; it is not long before you discover that she is as actively at work in the West as in the East. She is the keynote of the Sunday School work, the boys' and girls' work, every-

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thing, inside, outside, all the way round. The Westerner with his hearty good will and swift appreciation of whatever is most worth while naturally rejoices in the kindly home feeling and in the way in which his children turn to the deaconess as to a second mother.

But if you are very adventurous you may go still further and try a district, like the Kootenay. You will enjoy climbing the mountains and hunting up far away homes where the children simply rush out to greet you. You will be the first to whom the doctor turns for nursing poor women in shacks along the Columbia River, where the ring of the axe and alas, now and again, the awful curse floats in across the logs through the open window. You will be the first the police magistrate sends for to tide little children across sudden bereavement at a mining explosion, or any of the terrible tragedies which come so swiftly and suddenly at the Coast.

But if you want still wider range, what about prairie work? You might stay any time with a deaconess who the five summer months long is covering a range of some twenty-five to thirty miles, in which she tends the women and children, and holds services in the school house or church. You would be surprised time and again at the good attendance of men, women and children, and at their subscriptions, which show their intense appreciation of the work. It is touching beyond words to be at one of these services in a far away district where the people come

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flocking in for miles around. As the service proceeds and the familiar words ring out, a stifled sob arises from many a weary heart at home for a moment in the Old Country again.

There still remains the question of the future. The expense of the Training School is moderate, but the Salary at graduating some seven to eight hundred dollars at the most. On the other hand, the work is intensely worth while. You find Christ's footprints of tender compassion everywhere around you, "The marks of the Lord Jesus," and discover the truth of Bunyan's words "God visits prisons more often than lordly palaces."

CHAPTER XIII

THE Y.W.C.A. SECRETARY

IF you turn to the Y.W.C.A., you will be happy indeed, for there is endless work ahead of you, and, best of all, an absence of red-tape, and consequent power of initiative, which is one of its chief attractions. This is why teachers, business women and nurses are so many of them leaving well-paid posts and taking service under its banner. They reckon Y.W.C.A. work, as a recent recruit put it, "An investment at highest dividend for God among girls who bid fair to pay that dividend."

What is the secret of the charm? What is the magic power of the Y.W.C.A.? There is no question but that the four letters stand for a great ideal. The "Y" tells of perpetual youth, both of the young girls of all classes who belong to it and of the increasing band of young workers, honor graduates, the red, sweet wine, so to speak, of the yearly vintage of the University.

The "W" tells that the whole enterprise is mapped out and run by women all working to the one common end, from the able stateswoman at its head down to the cheery little fifteen year old convenor of a "Teen Age Club.

The "A" breathes good comradeship and the

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"C" the indwelling spirit of that comradeship. Verily, the secret of the Y.W.C.A. in its last analysis lies in that letter "C," that letter which symbolizes "a nobleness of walk in all our ways."

Mrs. Browning never dreamt of a Y.W.C.A., but she visualized, more vividly than we occasionally realize, the necessity for this underlying secret of any *lasting* public work—

"It takes a soul to move a body,
It takes a high souled soul to move the masses."

Thank God men and women alike are awakening to this. "I have a fine new scheme for women on hand," cried a leading man the other day in an office. "What type of women have you behind it?" replied the still abler friend, "Oh, splendid, a stirring woman of affairs." "Hold on, now," was the answer, "I tell you now, as I have told you before, I take no stock in any of your schemes till you have not only an able but a spiritual woman of affairs behind the proceedings. I will not throw my strength into anything until I know it will be lasting."

If you want something lasting and if you are in full sympathy with these four letters, Y.W.C.A., how are you to enlist? How are you to set about it? Take it that you are that most coveted of all recruits, a young girl just graduating. Is there a Training School? There is. It is true it is only some nineteen days old, with only as yet some nine students in it, but it is exactly what you need. It bridges over the sudden plunge from the theoretical into the prac-

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tical, from college into everyday work. You will find, moreover, a flavour of student days in the University lectures, and more especially in the Social Service and Theological lectures. You will get a taste of its practical and experimental work, an insight into the financial, constitutional and recreational side of the Y.W.C.A. You want this experience, for the charm of your new work lies in the fact that it has no water-tight compartments between which movement is impossible. When once a candidate has shown ability as a craftswoman, given time and experience, there is no position on the staff for which she is not eligible, granted again that she keeps her mental and spiritual energies alert, and shuns that vice of *halfness*, that vice which Mill declared to be "the greatest enemy of spiritual work."

What is the work? That depends upon your bent. You may begin among girls or students, whichever you prefer. The work among girls of the 'teen age will appeal to you not only because it gives you an entrance into schools of every description, but because it gives you a chance of testing yourself before taking up more difficult and critical work. Then, again, it is well paid. You get anything from \$60 to \$75 a month with board, and, what is still more to the point, you get really worth while work. But here, as elsewhere, you need quick imagination and personality. You have to devise endless new attractions, to give out ready sympathy, and wield a quiet but extensive power of discipline.

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What is the main line of that work? You have first to interest the girls in the 100 per cent. suggestion of the "Canadian Girls in Training," and try to develop them physically, intellectually, socially, and religiously by attractive talks and by your own personal living and dealing with them. Then, secondly, you have to strengthen the link between the Sunday School Teacher and the Y.W.C.A. You want your Y.W. girls to attend her class and to get her to add midweek classes to her programme and interest her girls in your games and gymnasium work at the Y.W.C.A.

Then, thirdly, you have to organize your own clubs for the 'teen age business girl, and try to fire her with something of the ambition of a boy of the same age who is looking ahead far more keenly and wanting to learn. You will find gymnastic work, swimming, and games useful in this respect, but you will have to be at your best in running them.

You may think it easy work trying to entertain a set of girls, but wait till you try to fascinate some thirty-five tired little factory girls, fidgeting around, too listless to play in summer time in the fields, too listless in winter time to care even for gymnastics or music. You cannot blame them, for you would be as tired yourself if you had been shaking chocolates in a pan, week in week out, till you loathed the very sight and smell of them. Your business is to soothe and at the same time quicken those same children into new life, or they will wander off with their com-

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rades into the streets, irresistibly attracted by the lure of the glare outside, by the excitement of movie and dance hall, and, once wandering, who can prophesy their fate?

Is the work difficult? Is it interesting? It is infinitely more thrilling than you think. Fancy being an educational secretary in charge of some twenty teachers and a thousand girls a night; or a girl secretary in charge of some fourteen girls' clubs, with a camp of three hundred and fifty acres of land and a lake in the midst of it. You cannot conceive a girl's joy at the freedom, the sensation of being for the first time in her life in the country. One of these little ones simply did not know what to make of it all. She wandered to and fro with her hands behind her back, and knelt with tears in her eyes over the flowers. There was something infinitely pathetic in her childish joy, in her carefully laundered collar and in her hope of looking "stylish," but more pathetic still her determination to share her joy next summer by walking three miles to her work every day in order to save the car fare and send a little friend next summer.

But, besides the work in the Y.W.C.A. itself, you will explore huge factories in which only a tragically small percentage of the girls go to Church or Sunday School, only a still more tragic percentage drift into a Y.W.C.A. It is yours to step after them and attract them. Then, again, you are a court of appeal to the workers in the different Churches, who

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are striving to solve the same problem as yourself, and you will find it takes more tact and wisdom to advise your neighbour than to work yourself.

Or, you may prefer to be a Student Secretary, one of the four hundred working all over the world. When you were a first year girl, you thought a student secretary was in luck, passing from university to university, fêted and made much of. But you were not equally clear by the time you reached the third or fourth year. You did not want to tackle the endless difficulties saved up for the unfortunate secretary, and the endless decisions so recklessly lavished upon her. You did not envy her the responsibility of organizing work and then having to leave it to people who would carry it through half-heartedly. Nor did you envy her the joy of stumbling upon places where she was not half welcome or half wanted.

But that same student work is a million times worth while doing well if you are ever to make a success of the Y.W.C.A., for it is from the student body that future helpers will be taken.

Another branch of adventure is the emigrant work. You would be amazed to see the number of rest homes and hospitals at the ports, and you would never be happier than in welcoming the newcomer, giving her her first impressions and starting her on the right lines. You could superintend washing the babies, outfitting them as clean as new pins, resting

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the mothers and then finally starting them off with a good sized luncheon basket, full of hope on their long journey on the train.

But if it is important starting the mothers, it is still more important starting the girls, seeing that they do not fall into wrong hands, telegraphing to friends to meet them and giving them introductions in the city so that they will be looked after and get their chance. Imagine the contrast, especially out West, between being emptied out at midnight on the cinder bed outside the station, helpless and bewildered, and the joy of being greeted by someone who knows your name, is on the look out for you and tells you exactly what you want.

If you love gymnastics and games you will turn to the new recreation work, the halls which are being opened and in which you will devise games and recreation of all kinds, and give girls an opportunity of meeting their boy friends under your chaperonage instead of at the movie, dance hall or on the street. This new type of work is spreading rapidly, and friends of the girls, managers and superintendents of factories are entering enthusiastically into it. You find managers paying the expenses of delegates of their employees to conferences for training as leaders, giving them pianos, violins, victrolas, "gym" apparatus, in fact taking the keenest personal interest in the work.

But what if you are still more ambitious and aiming at the headship of a local Y.W.C.A.? Here,

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again, you will have every chance of gaining an appointment for the Y.W.C.A.'s are day by day slipping away from the kind, motherly, elderly superintendent, who means well, but is out of touch with modern girls. An older woman rarely understands a girl's craving for recreation and athletics, and therefore, young college graduates, even for responsible posts, such as these, are more and more in demand. It seems hard, but it is natural. The girls instinctively long for some one who, instead of perpetually telling them, and telling them truly, that they have no one to thank for their calamities but themselves, will listen sympathetically and, whilst dealing fearlessly with them, will put herself in their place and know how to help them. This is especially the case with factory girls. They are earning high wages, and are not a little trying at times to their neighbors as well as to themselves. But they respond willingly to friendship; and the world, generally, and their employers, in particular, are discovering the benefit and the delight of trying to help them.

The day has gone by when business men built excellent clubs for themselves and believed that any tumble-down hotel in the down town district could be adapted into a Y.W.C.A., and made amply sufficient for girls. They are learning to give generously of their best, and realizing the importance of an attractive rallying place and home, a place of welcome always open, a hand always held out for greeting and counsel.

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As the Head of a Y.W.C.A. you will be busily occupied from morning till night. Your mid-days will be taken up with the cafeteria and addresses in factories, your evenings in personal dealings with the girls and in devising new forms of recreation.

But when you have become thoroughly skilful in the outlying branches of the work, you will begin to cast longing eyes towards the administrative department, that is to say, the Headquarters of what is termed the Dominion Council. Here, in the midst of some thirty workers, you will find abundant outlet for your administrative ability. You will have to organize the running of fruit camps, hostels, the Foreign Department of the work, Conferences, Holiday camps, clubs, lectures on social morality, the travellers' aid department, and the like.

The work has grown very rapidly. There are thirty workers in the head office alone, where a few years ago there were five. You will rejoice in being one of the group of women to whom the Government turns for counsel and assistance upon almost every kind of women's work. Whatever practical experience you may have gained will be intensely useful, for as one of the inner group of the Council you will feel something like the men in an aeroplane, who direct with precision the far away firing of the battery, and by God's help strive to thwart, and time and again do thwart, the "Fisher of the Night."

But in Headquarter work, as in all deaconess work, indeed all work in which you have vowed to be

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"kinder to man, truer to God each day," you will find yourself face to face with a twentieth century problem, that is to say, the conflict between active service and quieter, spiritual work. This touches first your own personal life; secondly, your dealing with your neighbours. Your problem is the right division of your time, how far you are to be carried away by the pressure of immediate activity, how far devote yourself to the deepening of your own spiritual life.

You will effect little if the girls around you can say, and say truly, "Martha professes Christ, but it does not come out in her." Dr. John R. Mott holds that time given to prayer is more important even than time given to the earnest thinking out of a problem; more important even than time given to influencing an individual or swaying an audience. He sums up his conviction with the cryptic saying, "He that saveth his time from prayer shall lose it."

It sounds much easier, much simpler, to say we mean well and trust to good intentions. Unfortunately, our consciences, like the sundial, can be trusted only so long as the sunlight of God falls immediately upon them. They flicker to and fro if they merely reflect the wavering moonlight of our neighbours' opinions, or the candle light of our own good intentions.

But if it is difficult to decide as to right problems of time for ourselves, it is still far more difficult to decide as to the right employment of time for others. Girls flock into basket ball matches, theatricals and

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dances, and thirst after the least flavour of novelty. They turn aside from literary evenings and spiritual teaching, until you are at your wits' end and rack your brains to know how to make your teaching more interesting, what flavour of novelty you can bring into it.

The problem practically resolves itself into this. How far ought you to keep your Y.W.C.A. a comparatively small circle in which you have a chance of deepening the purity and strengthening the spiritual life of the girls around you; how far ought you to attract girls who would otherwise plunge widely into dance hall, theatre and the like.

This problem has been puzzling England, and will be sweeping over Canada. You will have to decide difficult questions, especially as to smoking and card playing. In considering these questions you have to remember that Christ spoke of the straight and narrow way. He addressed large multitudes, but He kept a comparatively small circle around Him, the circle of those content to follow Him whither soever He went. You have to remember that in the hour of temptation He even refused to win the whole world by one hour of compromise.

But you may be still more adventurous, and filled with a longing for foreign work. If so, you will find plenty of outlet and a post either among the sixty-seven students of the Y.W.C.A. in China or the thirty-seven in Japan.

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There is a dark and a light side to missionary work. You will find it discouraging when you are so far away and alone to go forward like a "gold, bright moth slow spinning up the sky," and if the darkness and thunder increase you will find it still harder to endure the storm cloud alone. But if you lift up your eyes you will be conscious that you are never really alone—

"Christ knoweth the way that you tread,
And his banner of crimson is over your head."

You will see the vision of Christ ahead of you. You may stand on a mountain, as in the Himalayas. The smoke of a thousand Christless villages will arise beneath your feet in the early morning sun, but in the stir of the awakening crowds, you may see almost visibly the form of Jesus passing, silent, but with the wonderful story of His dying love upon His lips. You will be conscious that He sees the delusion, the pain, the dumb striving everywhere, and that He is crying to you to be lips and hands and feet for Him. In the inspiration of that thought you will work until the night falls and the day comes when you see

"On high in blazing splendor set,
The Cross triumphant stand with naught to let
The wonder and the glory of its might."

In that last day and in the glory of that cross you will greet the hostages of fortune that are pressing after you into the land. They may precede you like a dying Ruthenian Mother from our own land who cried, "Meester teacher, you good, you like my Mary,

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my John—me want them go a school, learn English—me see you after—me go away—good-bye,” or they may follow you from a foreign land. “We shall follow you; we shall come to you, lao muhsi; we shall welcome you bye and bye,” like the young evangelist stroking tenderly the beloved hand of Hudson Taylor, which he had longed for in life, but despite hard travelling, had found only in death.

CHAPTER XIV

THE JOY OF MUSIC

WHETHER they will or not, music and art must now come forward and take their stand. They have been deliberately loitering in the background, in the secret hope of bringing up the rear of the company and thus tacitly asserting their claim to being the dignitaries and High Priestesses of the most ancient and Honorable Order of the Professions. Music is, if possible, the more *exigeante* and assertive of the two. She pleads that her blood is of the bluest and that her lineage dates from the far away and and misty Tubal Cain. She asserts that she alone is capable of "dissolving her hearers into ecstasies," and of bringing "all heaven before their eyes."

Art is gentler, yet with it all more wooing. She turns her face aside from all that is distasteful and sees only the aesthetic and the beautiful. You mark her footsteps by the pathway of delicate fragments, exquisite utterances of vision which float hither and thither from her fingers on every side.

But whatever her claims or those of her rival sister may be, there is no question they are both most delightfully picturesque, as they wind their way along the trail made all too dusty by the footsteps of other and more prosaic professions.

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If you love music, you will instinctively be drawn to her, and argue with Adam Bede that your muscles never move better than when you are making music; that is to say, your life work and ambition, will never move better than when you, too, are making music. But just as you reach this point in your argument, you hesitate and begin to ask why somehow or another music is not altogether so popular a profession as in your Mother's day. You want to know why in a high-class school, for instance, fewer girls on an average are practising countless hours and taking music as a life profession than some thirty years ago?

The question is not altogether easy to answer. It may be partly the many new and enticing professions which are opening up on every side, or partly the higher standard of music itself and the sterner examinations which are demanded of teachers today. For times are changing and music teaching is changing rapidly with them. A finishing education some thirty years ago included time and again some three or four hours practising a day. That practising varied, a joy or a sorrow, according to the fervency of the devotee, or according to the urgency for a comparatively genteel and honorable means of earning her daily bread.

But nowadays girls tell you, when they get to close quarters with music, that they are by no means equally sure of her. They declare that, young and adorable as she may be, in the distance, she curls her lip a bit too sternly at close quarters. You can hardly

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help agreeing with them when you watch the way in which she torments a poor child in her teens over her musical examinations, or still more cruelly exhausts her nerve energy just at the stage when she needs it most, and worries her indeed as pitilessly as she worries her grown-up sister toiling over her Mus. Bac.

But supposing that you really love music and are determined to throw in your lot with her, your next question will be, how soon can you safely fling your school books to the four winds of Heaven? You long to absorb yourself in your new delight, as a bee hovers over and absorbs itself in a field of clover. But here again times are changing. A wise Director of a Conservatory shakes his head and gives practically the same advice which the sculptor Banks gave a trembling little lad, piteously exhibiting a drawing and pleading to leave school, "Go home—mind your schooling—and try to make a better drawing."

But why "mind your schooling," why not concentrate immediately upon your music and excel in it? You forget that if your ambition is to play so that "all your past may come wailing in the wind and all your future thunder in the sea," you must have a far reaching background of experience, a fund of general knowledge, to say nothing of general, sound, musical knowledge. You may have all the technique in the world, but you will fail if you are purely "a little specialist," emotional, lopsided, unpractical, incapable of treading accurately the narrow defile of Logic Lane.

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Then again, you need the balance wheel of school comradeship to keep you from overlooking the give and take of ordinary, every-day life. It is all very well for a Beethoven to be as eccentric as he pleases, to use the snuffers for a toothpick or to empty the basin on the floor, but you are by no manner of means as yet a Beethoven.

Then thirdly, if you live upon your emotions, you are apt to be selfish and introspective and to interpret your music according to the narrow limit of your personal passion and longing. How can you awaken the passion of the Sonata Pathétique without understanding the tragedy of a great soul? How can you aspire to Mendelssohn's "Wings of a dove" without practising, as Bartolomeo painted, "on his knees?"

As you read, your imagination soars, and as it soars, like Maeterlinck's Blue Bird, you see into the inside of things. Therefore, from the very start keep up your general education, and with that education keep up, in addition, your hobby, your reading, your chess, your golf, what you will, anything, everything, which will keep you in the comradeship, wholesomeness and sanity of every day life.

Next, as to the cost of training. Music, alas, shakes her head, for she knows that it is heavy. Ten years under a leading musician, here or overseas, together with the cost of an all-round musical education, will take a toll from you of some three to five hundred dollars a year. But, granted the toll, you

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rightly ask what is the certainty of success? That, again, is extremely difficult to predict, for it turns upon personality as certainly as upon genius.

I grant you that there are prizes in the profession which seem to be independent of personality. But even as a prize-winner, even as a concert *artiste*, personality comes in, for you usually have to fill in the interstices of your time with teaching, and you excel only as you sympathetically understand your students, in other words, only according to your aforesaid tact and genius. Students at the best are but sensitive plants, who shrivel at a hostile touch, and know by intuition how far a teacher genuinely is interested in them or not. You may crowd your studio after a great recital, but that crowd will inevitably thin—

“Like snow upon a desert’s dusty face,
Lying a little hour or two—and gone,”

unless your students genuinely love you, unless they genuinely look forward to their half hour with you. A dismal lack of tact is at the root of countless failures in the musical profession as well as in every other profession, failures totally inexplicable to the unfortunate teacher herself, possibly inexplicable even to the students themselves.

If you are born with genius, but without tact, must you necessarily give up teaching? Can you woo tact? Can you bring her to earth by desperate trying? Who can tell? You can at least learn much from a psychological course in a good training col-

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lege. You can learn still more by cultivating "a heart at leisure from itself to sooth and sympathize."

Next, as to the practical question of dollars. If "piling up dollars is *nil* in a schoolmaster's trade," is it equally *nil* in music? Not necessarily. As an artist and a musician of the first rank your prospect will be unlimited, but even as a Paderewski you must remember that no matter what your prestige, music is a star which falls with almost as meteor-like a rapidity as it rises, and falls all the more speedily with advancing age. As a music teacher you may range from \$1.50 to five or seven dollars an hour, but even those dollars, alas, are not all net profit. There is the question of discount in a conservatory. There is the question of wasted time in your own studio, for rarely, save when you are at the zenith of your popularity, will your students follow one another in unbroken succession.

I grant you that if dollars, and dollars only, are your ambition, that there are non-classical lines of music which are distinctly profitable.

"For if you desire an upbringing
To make you grow rapidly rich,
Then why not take lessons in singing
From Lauder or else little Tich?"

But you reply that ragtime music is to true music what a smirk is to a smile, or a giggle to a laugh, and that you would die sooner than descend to the music of the lower world, to the voluptuous swing of the dance hall, the jazz, which is altogether beside the mark.

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But supposing for a moment that you are thinking of music, not because you are intensely musical, but because, having ten sturdy fingers, good lungs and still better will power, you think you may as well settle in it as in any other profession. If that is your only inducement, then all I can say is that I am only one bit more sorry for you than I am for your students, for whatever room there may be at the top or even midway in the profession, there is literally no room at all for the third or fourth rate teachers at the bottom of the profession. You will find yourself struggling in the ranks where women are so crowded together that they are literally starving one another, so crowded that like the soldiers in Virgil's Army, they cannot, so to speak, raise their arms, still less use their weapons. Your life will grow steadily greyer and all the bright adventure of your thought be slowly deadened and curbed, until at the last you guard your handful of pupils as jealously as a poor old Highlander guarded his last handful of potatoes in the forest. You will feel towards your rivals as he felt towards the dusky line of Indians who stole out of the depths and began threatening his cherished dainties. He outwitted them, it is true, by scrambling on the roof of his cabin and playing his bagpipes so enticingly that they danced around and around, till wearied out, at long last they clapped their hands and stole away into the dusky depths. Will your wit and your resourcefulness be equal to his?

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But if soulless music is a desolation to yourself what is it to your unfortunate neighbors? A Caliban tortures his hearers as cruelly as an Ariel charms the spirits which he evokes out of the vasty deep. Which of us has not sympathized time and again with Dr. Johnson and longed that pieces which were difficult might be impossible? Which of us has not sympathized with the school girl who deposited a teacher's trombone in a museum of Chinese curiosities amongst which it reposed harmlessly for generations of successors? Which of us has not sympathized with the landlady who, wild at a boarder's suggestion of dumbbells, cried out, "Ye have a pianner, fiddle and trumpet, no more musical instruments for me."

But what is the future of instrumental music generally in Canada to-day? It is distinctly promising. In the first place, a fancied enemy has turned into a friend. The victrola and pianola, which were supposed to be about to ruin the music teacher and oust the family piano, have on the contrary given an impetus to artistic piano playing, and a thirst for genuine music.

Then, secondly, an unknown stranger has turned into a friend. Nobody suspected the influence of prohibition on music, or anticipated that, owing to legislation, money hitherto locked up in drink would be released and people start hunting not only for larger houses and more intellectual joys, and amongst those intellectual joys, in particular, music.

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But these, after all, are only comparatively side issues. We are wanting to know something of the definite future of music in Canada. That is difficult to answer, especially in these days of progress. We are not as yet giving as general a musical education in Canada as in the Old Country, where just before the war some four thousand children played an *ensemble* in the Alexandra Palace; nor are we, as in London and other large cities, providing violins at factory prices and giving free lessons to thousands of students in classes of ten at a time. We are not, as yet, keeping pace with the States where, as in Iowa, music is occasionally compulsory; nor, as in John Hopkins' University, where music is reckoned a major subject and twenty-five points allotted for music in the final examination. We are not following the lead of Australia where, as in New South Wales, free musical education is given to children whose parents are in the Labor Union. Our only step so far is out West where school time is occasionally allotted and credit given for music as for any other subject. There is no reason why music should not be reckoned an alternative Matriculation subject, provided that it is run on strongly educative and intellectual lines, such as in the Oxford and Cambridge locals, and special emphasis given to harmony, counterpoint and musical literature.

Next take Art. If music is somewhat forbidding and beckons only girls of genius who can afford a

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somewhat expensive training, what are we going to say about Drawing? The prospect clears, for Drawing steps gaily forward and tells us that her tuition fees are far lighter, rarely more than a hundred dollars a year, for she has learnt the secret of taking her students collectively; whereas a music teacher still trudges shoulder to shoulder with each student individually.

But when you come to cross-question drawing, she is not quite so jubilant. She confesses that the pathway of genius in drawing lies athwart sharp rocks and stony steeps; and that few women, in Canada at any rate, find openings in private schools and art colleges. She cheers up, however, at the question of commercial work and tells you that Canada is following the lead of the States, where four hundred technical schools are scattered up and down the country, and those schools crowded with students who are training in illustrative work and advertising. She is confident of the future in this direction, owing to the growth of artistic feeling, for whereas in old days advertising, for instance, had to be business-like in order to be successful, nowadays advertising has to be artistic to be business-like. She tells you, moreover, that if you have a vivid fancy and a power of animated reproduction, you can reckon upon \$15.00 by the week at starting or from \$20.00 to \$30.00 by the piece.

Leaving the question of dollars and cents, turn

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now to the far more interesting problem as to the "really worth while" of music. You are certain you envy the concert player, but are you equally inclined to envy the teacher? You must take this into account, for almost every artiste fills up the interstices of his or her time with teaching. What pleasure can there be in it? What excitement in sitting hour after hour adapting yourself to student after student? That turns upon the question of the Teacher herself. If you are a child lover, you forget your exhaustion in the joy of "unstopping," so to speak, the ears of that child, in teaching him to find music everywhere, "songs in the running brooks, music in everything." Nothing is equal to the joy of seeing the elder student catch a whisper of the underlying soul of a sonata, just as a painter catches a glimpse of the glory of heaven in the yellow corn or the crimson maple leaves.

Above all, you rejoice in the chance of character-training, in knowing that owing to being alone with your students you understand them better than a Class Teacher and insist upon a delicacy and accuracy impossible to an ordinary teacher in a crowded class room.

But it is not fair to keep looking at the drudgery of Music and to leave out the question of genius. By genius I understand an extraordinary gift, such a gift as in Carlyle's words, "Leads men to the very edge of the infinite," such a gift as inspires a Handel in composing the Hallelujah Chorus to "see all heaven

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open before his eyes and the great God Himself." If you are a genius your lot is already cast. You will burn until you can reveal your inspiration to the whole world, and, revealing it, will be indifferent as to whether, like Palestrina of old, you "suffer affliction of the spirit, and eat a hard crust of sorrow."

What is true of genius in music is equally true of genius in art. If you are a Hogarth or a Sir Joshua Reynolds as a schoolboy you will adorn the outside of your exercise books with gems far more precious than any labored pothooks or essays within. As you grow up, like Domenicho, you will "paint perpetually within yourself." If hard times assail, you will endure hunger even though, like Palissy the Potter, you wander the fields with stockings "too readily at heel around a skeleton leg." If poverty threatens your progress, like Michael Angelo, you will paint, so to speak, by the light of a tallow candle stuck in your pasteboard cap. You care only that you are learning, only that you are achieving.

If the worth while of music is joy to yourself, what is it to the world? Take the lighter side, first, of music, then, of drawing. Who can measure the flight of a song? The Greeks were so enamoured of music that they declared that the grasshoppers were the last survivors of the race who perished for the love of a song. Burns cried:

"O that I for dear old Scotland's sake,
Some useful book or plan might make,
Or sing a song at least."

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Take Drawing. We turn over our weekly Punch, but we rarely measure the power of its cheery optimism, especially in war time, still less the effect of the society pictures with their subtle analysis of foibles, their tender flattery of pretty and well-bred women.

Take the inspirational power of music. Who can measure the force of "The Marseillaise," of Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory," or even of a purely popular song such as "Tipperary" or "Keep the Home Fires Burning," with its lightning-like circulation of over five million copies.

If you turn to spiritual song Coleridge reckoned that Luther made the Germany that he knew and loved, quite as much by his hymns and tunes as by his translation of the Bible. Every peasant knew those hymns by heart, advised, argued, praised God in words sacred, yet familiar.

Or turn to our own land. Wesley's hymns were a voice from Heaven, a voice of many waters, a rushing cataract of praise, multitudinous, heaven-rending, a great devotion awakening a hundred thousand echoes. Their telling power was multiplied a thousand fold by their tunes. A hymn with a weary tune creeps hopelessly like a bird with a broken wing. Where would "O Little Town of Bethlehem" have been if Redner had not wakened with the angelic strain ringing in his ears one Christmas night? What would have been the fate of "Lead Kindly Light" if Dr. Dykes had not heard its exquisite melody above the roar of the Strand?

MUSIC AND ART

But now for the highest creation in Music,—the Oratorio—Think of “The Apostles” rendered by a great orchestra and chorus. You almost hear the composer, Sir Edward Elgar, agonizing at the cry, “Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope” in his passionate longing that despairing men may find hope and light.

Consider last of all the general influence of a musical atmosphere, such as that in which

“Melancholy lifts its head,
Sloth unfolds its arms and wakes,
Listening, Envy, drops her snakes.

An atmosphere in which Saul unlooses his arms and sinks released, the evil spirit exorcised momentarily, though alas, not permanently, for music, even at its best, is but the handmaid of a new spirit not the new spirit itself.

Then turn to Art. Who can measure the every day living teaching power of Holman Hunt’s “Light of the World,” whether you find it in St. Paul’s Cathedral and art galleries, or in reprints in schools and far away shacks on the prairie? Who can fathom the doctrinal teaching of his “Scape Goat, or the spiritual meaning of Watts’ Hope?” You see Hope, dizzy with the new found knowledge, staying herself from falling by bandaging her eyes and confessing that all earth’s knowledge has turned her away from instead of to the star of God?

To sum up, therefore, in Music as in Art, you find a power which inspires, soothes and elevates,

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but it is not necessarily except in exalted genius a power as great or greater than that of the Head of a great Hospital, a great School, or a great Y.W.C.A. leader. In choosing your profession you have to remember that you are living in a day of crises, a day of greatest need. You have to weigh not only the question of your capability and of your longing in the balance, but the still weightier question as to how and where you can tread most closely in any chosen profession in the footsteps of Him "Who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed, for God was with Him."

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CHAPTER XV.

THE THREE FATES

NOW for a halt. So far we have done little beyond watching a kind of preliminary march past of the Professions, "each after each in due degree," and trying to gain a first idea of their respective virtues and possible limitations. But now that they have, so to speak, turned the corner it is time to begin comparing notes and drawing our own conclusions.

In the first place, we notice how one and all as they filed past, kept on muttering the word "Matriculation." Then, secondly, after a forest of explanations, how one and all finished off with another word which it was impossible to catch but which sounded at times like the word "Manners" in "Manners Makyth Man," at other times like the French "*savoir faire*," at others like the English word "*charm*."

So far as that first word, "Matriculation," is concerned we need not worry. We have already considered the subject and decided that Matriculation is a mere question of brains, hard work and keeping at it. But the second, and more mysterious word is a very different matter.

We have to be careful, for however charming a good manner may be, "Mannerism" is fatal, and "a

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manner" most fatal of all. What we are trying to express is a kind of will-o-the-wisp, which darts into the bushes the moment you try to catch it; a chameleon which changes color the moment you try to look at it. But take it all in all what we mean is expressed best, perhaps, in the French word "bonhomie," that is to say, a kind of magic which goes half way to meet you, a kind of intuition which knows precisely how to deal with you.

The difficulty is that the moment you begin to think about the question of charm or manner in yourself instead of in your neighbor, that moment you are farther away from it than ever. How are you to fathom the secret of this instinctive charm? How are you to acquire this mysterious way of getting on with your neighbors? It is worth while considering, for whether you like it or not, half your success in life depends upon it, and whether you like it or not you have to meet your neighbors. You have to drive your own particular apple cart from morning to night, and if you want to succeed you will have to learn to pass your neighbors without spilling your apples and spending the rest of your life running after them.

Now there are certain rules of the road, certain laws of good breeding which are comparatively easy to master; indeed, so instinctive, that they are practically part of ourselves. At the same time there are other laws which are not so instinctive but which must equally be mastered. Moreover, it is idle try-

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ing to get away from any of them, although Robinson Crusoe succeeded for a time, and thanks to a ship wreck and a desert island, enjoyed himself so hugely that at the end of twenty-three years he would gladly, save for the footprint on the sand, have stayed alone till, like the old goat in the cave, he "laid him down and died."

But you intend practising your Shorthand in an office and not upon a desert island, and in that office you must make friends and keep time with your neighbors. The question is how to do it.

If you want to answer that question successfully you must be on the look out for the three most famous teachers in the world, three old women who, like the Fates, are far away in the mystic background and yet control the running, not only of your own particular performance, but of every other pageant all over the world. These three women are termed respectively Mrs. Grundy, Madame l'Etiquette and Madame Tact, and they busy themselves all day long in keeping you and your neighbors more or less under their control.

In old days in Canada you might find a rebel here and there, a Colonel Talbot like an eagle perched on a cliff, reigning autocratic and independent in his log hut with wheat and sheep skins piled up around him. But nowadays no one, not even a far away trader in a Hudson Bay post, can successfully escape these three old busy-bodies, for they have succeeded in converting the whole world into a vast whispering

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gallery, and in making it echo and re-echo from one end to another at their will.

Mrs. Grundy is far and away the most outstanding and the most annoying of them all. She is the married member of the party. She plumes herself upon her superiority and delights in meddling from morning till night in anything which she considers mysterious and beyond the reach of her unmarried and less experienced, younger sisters. She reckons that she is out on a mission of respectability and spends her time showering experience and advice upon her neighbors. If she succeeds she is immensely pleased with herself and very dogmatic. If she fails (and she is uncomfortably suspicious of failing these after-war days) she is indignant and reeks her vengeance the more cruelly wherever she finds boy or girl who, like the deaf adder, refuses to "hear the voice of the charmer charm he never so wisely."

It is difficult to know how to handle her, for her influence, in the main, is for the right, only unfortunately the poor old lady loses heavily through a malicious strain or spice in her general make-up and is universally at a discount. You cannot help resenting the special twist in her character which makes her scent sin as eagerly as a cat scents a mouse, and you cannot help deploring the cruel delight with which she denounces that sin from the house-tops, lustily, although, nine times out of ten, even she herself has a pretty shrewd suspicion that the very sin she is vituperating is half the time not nearly so much sin as folly.

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She loses, in the second place, through her insatiable thirst for gossip. She is forever poking her crooked finger into her neighbor's pie. Upon the smallest provocation she is forever giving that same unfortunate neighbor cruel nips and pinches. But whether you like Mrs. Grundy or not you would want to be on her right side, not so much for the sake of the worldly wisdom which she teaches you, as from dread of her tongue. If she turns against you you cannot help wincing at the thought that you are at the mercy of an unscrupulous and awkward enemy, an enemy, moreover, who understands only too well how to set the whole world against you.

The second sister Madame l'Etiquette, though just as meddlesome, is not nearly so malicious or unpopular. You know her well enough, an elderly, little, restless, dried-up spinster, very set in her way, perpetually descanting upon custom and prestige, perpetually trying to set the clock back a hundred years. But you soon discover that Madame l'Etiquette, like everybody else who is fond of talking about her ancestors, is herself, despite all her prestige, of very humble origin. She started life originally as an actress and derived her *nom de plume* from "a ticket" or slip of paper from which she used to study the part which she would have to play in any coming ceremony. It is true that she played that part so cleverly and attended so carefully to that same slip of paper that the word "ticket" or "etiquette" soon became a title of honor, and what was

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even more to her credit, she played her part so well that everybody began to copy her. People decided that, no matter how fidgety she might be, she was worth obeying, for she almost invariably had commonsense on her side, and no matter how tiresome her laws might be at the moment, they were in the main founded on a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and dictated by a kindly consideration for the feeling of others.

The youngest sister, Madame Tact, is totally different, indeed, so delightful that she is really one of the most popular people in the world. She derives her pseudonym from the Latin *tango*, that is to say, the touch upon a violin. She is intensely musical, indeed, so musical that she is said to look upon the whole world as a vast orchestra in which she is trying to make the performers keep time and to inspire them with the rhythm and magic of her music. She has no patience whatever with Madame l'Etiquette, who is forever fidgeting over the technique of the players. She prefers busying herself with the soul of the music, the life which is trying to express itself through that same technique, and from which she is bringing out a rhythm as flitting and delicate as the breath of a clover field on the breeze.

These are the three women, the three Fates, who will do you an excellent turn according as you pay court to them, the three sisters who can give you more hints than anyone else in the world. It may be that up to this moment you have hardly been conscious

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of them, for they slip in and out of school and home so imperceptibly that you follow their lead half the time without seeing them. But now that, like "the Ancient Mariner," you are about to be "the first which burst in to your own lonely sea," you long to learn the rule of that sea in order to steer your way in the midst of possible fog, ice, and danger.

So far as Mrs. Grundy is concerned, you need not be nervous for you will find that she is most explicit in her directions. She will tell you, for instance, that now that you are in the city you must be forever on your *p*'s and *q*'s and remember that the invisible shield of your mother's and father's protection is no longer around you. She will go, moreover, into particulars, will call a spade a spade, will tell you that your room in a boarding house is by no manner of means a reception room like your Mother's drawing room at home, and that, therefore, you must not receive your boy friends in it. She tells you to be forever on your guard, to remember that a chance acquaintance is not an old friend, and that you are unwise if you go about so often with any boy friend that your names may be coupled together. She forbids your taking presents or going to dance halls. She is very particular about your not letting anyone touch you, not even upon the shoulder, or take the slightest liberty with you, in short, bids you "abstain from all appearance of evil."

Another thing is curious. No matter how many scandals she starts herself, she advises you to be very

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careful about any question of scandal. She bids you "open your mouth with wisdom" and "govern your tongue with the law of kindness."

Madame l'Etiquette, fidgety as she may be, especially at first, is a very pleasant change after Mrs. Grundy. She means well, though now and again you get very angry with her when you find that she is blocking your way most mysteriously over what, after all, seems nothing but a mere trifle. You may, for instance, be applying for a lectureship in the University and find that she is rejecting you simply because she fancies that you are chewing gum. Or you may be losing promotion in the hospital and finding the best patients given to your neighbor simply because she fancies you are perpetually clearing your throat and fidgeting.

But supposing you think her trifling is folly, and decide to shake yourself free from her and do as you choose over these trifles, she still gets the better of you. She makes you feel that every break in her laws reflects either on your home or your school training, until, in the long run, you worry more over a breach of her laws than over some far more serious moral wrong which you have committed.

But, after all, what are these same laws of etiquette? Some of them are as old as the hills, but old or new they deal almost universally with habits which make you pleasant or unpleasant to your neighbors. The very oldest of her laws are so well known and have been practised so long that you almost invari-

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ably obey them without thinking. You observe the first laws of good breeding and never dream, like Edward IV, of engaging an official barber once a week to cleanse your "heade and legges or feet," and reward him by "two loves and a picher of wine." You use knives and forks instinctively, and have not to be reminded by any Erasmus that "the childe of noble blode" should remember that "to lick dishes is the propertie of cattes."

Other bygone admonitions are not so altogether out of date. Lytle Johan may still be bidden to "rise betimes, speak faire and say his prayers," may still be warned against tricks of manner, "Use not wag-gery with thy head"; still, like Chaucer's prior-ess be told to be careful to wipe his "overlippe so clene" that in his cup there may be "no ferthing seen of greece"; still be warned to let "no morsel from his lippes falle."

But etiquette has arbitrary as well as universal laws. Some may be purely local and superficial, like the question of being hanged in a wythe rather than in a halter, because a wythe, in Bacon's day, was the etiquette for rebels. Others have a grain of sense lying behind them, such as the laws of schools, like Rugby, where East tells Tom Brown that "only louts wear caps," and "fellows who want to get on must have nothing odd about them."

But setting arbitrary laws aside, what about the thousand and one other laws which cannot be set aside? These have worried men and women of all

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time. Even a queen like Mary Antoinette lost patience trying to master the multiplicity of regulations in the court of her day, and finally christened the Countess Noailles, "Madame l'Etiquette herself," for having them so easily at her finger ends. How are they to be learnt? There are endless books on Etiquette. Madame Sauvelles alone has "Milles Question d'Etiquette," and there are endless books which you may borrow from any library; but they convey comparatively little practical information, only bear pathetic marks of the painful study bestowed upon them. The difficulty is that Madame l'Etiquette is even more whimsical than Mrs. Grundy herself and, like Mrs. Grundy, punishes the very people who try most to please her by making them all the more self-conscious and awkward.

As a matter of fact, there is only one golden rule, only one universal road to knowledge, and that is defined by Locke as "keeping good company and observing that company." Good company never takes a mean advantage, never wedges its way into a car four places ahead of its lawful right; never tries, by fidgeting, to persuade a man to yield a seat, never, if that seat is yielded, accepts it as a right instead of giving grateful acknowledgment. Good company never scatters its belongings over the stateroom of a steamer, arbitrarily keeps the porthole shut, gossips to all hours of the night; good company requires swift answers to invitations, courteous replies to letters, unselfish entertainment of guests, swift re-

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turn of books and articles borrowed. Above all, Etiquette is a perfect crank upon the subject of other people's goods. She can forgive an accident, have mercy, for instance, on an unfortunate guest who, wild with toothache at midnight and unable to find a light, upset a table with a bottle of ink upon it and distributed inky footprints all over the carpet and curtains. But she is absolutely merciless over selfish carelessness, and is as irritated as Mrs. Boswell herself over a habit like Dr. Johnson's of bespattering the carpet by twisting the candles upside down, in order to make them burn more clearly.

But now let us turn from the elder and forbidding sisters to the Cinderella of the company, Madame Tact herself. It is a relief to get away from the dictatorial tone in which they insisted upon helping us in their way, not our way, and to turn to Madame Tact, or Tact, as we generally call her, who is willing to help us in our way, not her way. If you want to distinguish between Etiquette and Tact you may say that Etiquette knows what to do, but Tact knows how to do it. Etiquette will tell you rightly that a kitten who has strayed into the bellows of an organ must be driven out, and nine times out of ten mercilessly takes a stick and only succeeds in poking the unfortunate creature further in; where as Tact brings a saucer of cream and carries the kitten off in triumph.

Or you may define the contrast another way. You may say that Etiquette is always prescribing for some-

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thing which has already happened and which she is certain will happen again; whereas Tact is forever on the look out for the unexpected which has never happened before and may never happen again. Etiquette has her prescribed rules, Tact has "a fly for every fish" and knows how to play that fly at the right place. Etiquette bullies and drives; Tact lures, and woos so persuasively that we follow her "as the waters follow the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere, everywhere around the world."

Tact is our best friend and reminds us, with Carlyle, as we set out on the race of life, that the runners are on our heels, and will overtake us if we stop even to tie a shoe string. She warns us that every breach of *savoir faire* is a tying of that same shoe string. She helps us in three ways. In the first place by advice. She tells us, with Lord Chesterfield, that it is more to the point to return a fan gracefully than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; tell us that an excessive desire to please is only a subtle form of selfishness, that "angling for praise" makes "the wretch most despised when most he wishes to be wise;" that "flattery" or in other words, "mutual admiration societies," so much indulged in by girls nowadays, are as old as the hills and "a disgrace to good breeding"; that "mimicry" is "the favorite amusement of little, low minds, the utmost contempt of great ones," that "loud laughter" is "the mirth of the mob."

In the second place, Tact goes deeper and tells us

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that if we would be really safe there must be a radical change of character, for there is an underlying side in our nature which is apt to come out in emergencies, like Æsop's cat which, in the form of a damosel, sat demurely at the head of a table till a mouse appeared and she ran after it. It is this selfish strain which betrays the catlike side of our character; like the officer in the French army who fell asleep one day in a railway carriage and muttered in German; or like the German prospectors in the Cobalt, who remarked that they liked travelling in Canada well enough, but that their wives found the upper berths uncomfortable!

The truth is, when we come to think about it at all, we find that Tact is by no manner of means so simple as we imagine, but has a twofold side to her character. There is first and foremost a natural Tact, that is to say, Tact proper, which is a gift pure and simple, as inborn as an ear for music or a voice for singing, but nothing beyond a gift, and superficial. Or, secondly, there is over and beyond this what we may call the Christ-given Tact, which we define now and again as love, now and again as charity. This is equally a God-given gift, but goes far deeper and springs from the radical change of character we were speaking of and is an inbreathing of the very spirit of our Master Christ. As by the power of God we transpose ourselves, and see ourselves in others, we instinctively breathe those "second mile" kindnesses which linger in the mem-

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ory, like the scent of Old Country primroses. It is these "second mile" kindnesses, far more than the French *bonhomie*, which the professions were hinting at as the first essential of success, only they did not know quite how to express themselves. They are the royal law of kindness, the secret of the *savoir faire*, the something intangible, the will-o-the-wisp, the chameleon.

This true Tact, this putting of others before ourselves, may express itself in a thousand and one ways. It may look at the best side of things, a habit, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, alone worth more than a thousand pounds a year to the possessor.

In the second place, as certainly as it shuns flattery, so certainly it rejoices in giving a ray of sunshine by a kindly word of appreciation.

"But pleased she always is to have me praise
Her toast and marmalade and good black tea;
And the porridge bowl and her last silver spoon,
Worn thin with usage since Victorian days."

Thirdly, it understands true chivalry, true helpfulness to others, such chivalry as that of Lord Fitzgerald, who shifted a squaw's pack on to his own shoulders, whilst the Chief, who should have borne it, strode on ahead unencumbered.

Lastly, true Tact understands that no one likes to be put aside, not even at a game of nine pins, and perpetually saves situations like Queen Victoria, who was known to put ice in her soup, eat with her knife, drink out of a finger bowl, sooner than let a visitor from a far country be out of countenance.

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But unfortunately, Tact, like her two elder sisters, has an awkward side to her character and if you are not on your guard will turn her very kindness into managing. Now, if there is any one thing more irritating in the world than another, it is being managed, finding someone else forever taking advantage of his superior knowledge and turning your weakness to his own end. True Tact is the exact opposite and is a delicate handling of a neighbor with a single eye to his benefit and not to your own good. The truth is you never find the royal law of Tact worked out at its finest and its fullest save in the Divine record of the working of that law. Where can you find a more delicate chivalry than that of Boaz, who orders his reapers to let chance handfuls of barley fall in the young widow Ruth's way? Where can you equal the delicate hospitality of the loaf and pitcher of water set in a room, built outside the wall by the Shunammite, in order that Elisha might rest at will, without the necessity of thanking his host and hostess, without the necessity, when weary, of even speaking to them? Where can you equal the chivalry and poetry of David's libation of the water of Bethlehem, or of the words, "God forbid that I should drink the lives of these men?" Where can you excel the generous kindness of the Good Samaritan, or his knowledge of human nature, not only in his generous payment, but in the oversight, which he keeps upon that same inn-keeper: "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay?"

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But all generosity, all chivalry fades in the light of Him Whom Dante calls, "the Lord of all true courtesy." Who can fathom His tenderness in the lifting of the little children upon His knee, or the still greater tenderness of the words, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," words for all time most precious, showing that whosoever receives the kingdom of God as a little child, never comes too often into His presence, never draws too nearly to Him?

It is for this deepest, highest spirit of courtesy that the Christian gentlewoman prays that she may "never behave herself unseemly," never "seek her own," prays further that "with patient, hidden, deep accord, the servant may be like her Lord." This truest, highest Tact, the truest, highest joy, comes as the Christian gentlewoman is conscious within herself that though "anybody might have found it . . . yet . . . His whisper came to me."

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CHAPTER XVI

A SCHOOLGIRL

BUT now good-bye for a minute to you elder girls, and a word to you younger, carefree, luckiest of mortals, just in your 'teens. You rejoice in excitements of all kinds. You like the importance of having your frocks perpetually let down, and hearing everybody say you are on the high road to being taller than your Mother. You love still better digging your teeth into green apples and juicy tomatoes and sampling ice cream cones and candies such as your elders fight shy of. But thirteen years old is not always fun. You get into difficulties because you are not always, to put it mildly, terribly quiet, nor to put it still more mildly, exceedingly tidy. One day you come in from a basket-ball match with your middy and bloomers all awry; the next you are worrying beyond all telling because your blouse or hat are not altogether to your liking.

You do things by leaps and starts. One day you see the point in a flash and are wonderfully tactful and suggestive. The next you sting all over at some crude speech or mistake and wish you had remembered Mrs. Glegg's maxim, "There's a way o' doin' thin's wi'out speakin' out." One minute you save a situation by your swift attention, the next you are in

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dreamland, climbing the rainbow stair of some fair castle in the air.

I know this all too well, for faraway as the day may be I was there myself. That is why I want to push aside two or three stones over which you may stumble, to hold back two or three brambles which caught my dress and may any day catch yours.

You live in three worlds, Home, School and Playground, consequently you meet the dangers of those three worlds. Take first the question of home. Sometimes you are splendid, cook a dinner, engage a maid; at others you are far from splendid, interested in everybody's brothers and sisters except your own, and out of doors so often that your mother inquires whether you have made a mistake and reckon your house a place to eat, sleep and grumble in.

One day you cut out and cleverly put together a blouse, the next you fling your stockings aside and never mend them. One day you fetch and carry, the next you scatter your belongings till your mother's back aches picking up your things.

This uncertainty may pass at home, your mother may shrug her shoulders and say, "Oh, that is Kate all over," but at school the girls will think you are mean and declare you are trying to slip out of everything.

It is this question of school which we are really discussing and which is one of the great realities of your life. You are past the junior classes and able to take a strong line for yourselves. What line are

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you taking? Are you going to try to be an exception, to pick and choose your subjects, or are you going to take a good square meal, the whole time table leading up to Matriculation, instead of picking and choosing, trying in a kind of way, as it were, to feed upon candies. You have a splendid chance today compared with that of a hundred years ago. You never thread your way, mile after mile, through a dense forest along a trail blazed out among the trees or tracked out under the bushes along the ground by bits of broken china. You have school books and to spare in place of depending upon a slate and a Cobb's Speller tucked away under your arm, and a goose quill and a bottle of bark ink in a far-away corner of your pocket. If you want help, an hour's coaching you get it, without bringing an extra bushel of wheat together with a letter from your father requesting your master to pay the greatest attention to your virtues and morals. If you want a book, you buy it in place of producing some clean rags in exchange for a tract or two.

But all the same, I wonder if you love your school any more than Egerton Ryerson loved his old log school house with its half stuffed crevices and understand why he went back once a year to spend a day paddling in and out along the lakeside among his old haunts?

But granted your Twentieth Century books, classrooms and teachers, what is your aim? What do you intend to get out of school? Are you going to

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speed swiftly up stream like a live fish, or float down stream like a dead log, whithersoever the current carries you? Your chances are endless, provided, like Gulliver who shook himself free from the Lilliputians, you can get rid of the invisible threads which are pinning you down and inclining you to endless mischief. Old Squire Brown preached a pretty good sermon the night he was bidding Tom farewell after supper in the inn, when he told him that he cared not so much what Greek particles he learned as to how far he became a brave, helpful, truth-telling gentleman and Christian.

What are the threads which are holding you down and prevent really hard work? There is, first, the temptation to be slipshod and scrape through your work with the least possible trouble, to write hurriedly without bothering about spelling or handwriting. Now, bad spelling is pure laziness, for there is only one person in a thousand who cannot really spell, and bad handwriting is equally laziness for there is only one person in a million who cannot write. Those ill-written letters will one day be as distasteful to you as to the receiver and look as slovenly as ill-washed glasses with finger marks all over them.

The second thread which keeps you down is fidgeting. You feel bored and begin telegraphing to your comrades and forget that stealing time is a cruel kind of theft. You remember how Rex and Thekla came suddenly upon old Father Time finishing the

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twelve figures of the months and how Rex stole a handful of the sands of time out of his sack. You remember, again, his astonishment when a few evenings later the months came in, January storming for his lost icicles, May for her violets, October for the chestnuts, which Father Time would have given them but for the stolen sand. There are, let us say, thirty-two boys and girls in your class, and your fidgeting wastes five minutes of their time. Five times thirty-two is one hundred and sixty, in other words you put your hand into your comrades' pockets and steal two hours and forty minutes of their time which you can never pay back again.

The third thread is pride. You let point after point go past without asking for an explanation for fear of looking foolish. What happens? On the examination day you find you cannot answer the questions, just as you cannot climb a ladder if half the rungs are left out.

The fourth thread is laziness. A problem in Algebra is being worked out on the board, but you are looking out of the window watching a bumble-bee and building castles in the clouds away out in Spain. You escape detection because for a wonder you are not fidgeting, but in reality you are riding through an enchanted wood and so far as the problem itself is concerned, might as well be spending your time whistling up the chimney.

I wonder what you think about Novels, Tag days and Pranks? When you have done a hard day's

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work you deserve a good book, "your cream bowl duly set," but there is skim milk, and worse than skim milk, as well as cream. A Head Master the other day picked up a book and discovered by looking at the card at the other end that a girl had been changing her book daily and reading the veriest rubbish for weeks. This spelled scamping her work by day and ruining her eyes at night.

Then next about Tag Day. You think a day left out here or there, a tag day or week end Monday does not matter, and forget that the lessons left out make as fatal a gap in your subjects as a stitch let down in your knitting.

Then, as to pranks. You have heard your Father and Mother tell of clock-work crocodiles let loose under a desk, and the like, and you want to imitate them and carry out a few jokes in order to show how spirited you are and have something to talk about. But you do not understand how radically the tone of good schools has changed in this respect. A young girl at a farewell gathering in a leading school the other day commented ably on this point. She said she had had two surprises in school, first, that her teachers were her friends, secondly, that the practical jokes of old days were bad form and not done now. Her speech was in line with one of Sir Ian Hay's last stories in which a small boy finds himself hoisted on a bench and told that if he attempts any daredevil exploits, he will find that his master has eyes in the back of his head and that, "In a good school that sort

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of thing is simply not done now." "Simply not done" sums up not a few illusions of school life.

But what if you were bubbling over with fun and must have an outlet? Take it by all means, but take it in sport. The highest praise one school fellow can bestow upon another is that, "She is a good sport"; keen upon games and keen in school.

But supposing you are a quiet girl and prefer reading or gossiping and sympathize with the boy who declared that he came to school to be educated and not to kick a wretched ball about, why need you play games? The best answer is that of his School Captain who wished "ten boys could sit on his head at once" and give him a different point of view for "games are essential if you want to be physically fit or morally clean."

You can understand the physically fit today. The girls who ran motor ambulances and served so splendidly in the war would never have survived such hairbreadth escapes if they had not been hardy, out-of-door girls at school. Imagine Marianne Dashwood in "Sense and Sensibility" driving an ambulance under terrific shell fire, or, if that fire became still more appalling, lying half-buried in the sand under the ambulance trembling, but perfectly cool and ready for action.

But what about the second point, the morally clean? A boy defines morally clean as a straight game, good temper, playing up for a side and not for self. A girl adds, "never taking advantage of a boy's

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chivalry and trading upon it." A girl who has played a clean game at school could never claim a lost golf ball on the links if it was not genuinely hers, nor let the man to whom it belonged turn away with a curl of the lip, muttering, "She is a girl."

Then, again, games help morally because they teach you to play for a side as a lawyer plays for his firm, and a banker for his bank. When you are married you will know how to play up for your Church and Committee just as energetically as you hope to play up for your home and children.

But in place of being fifteen, let us suppose for a minute that a year or two has passed and that you are seventeen or eighteen. You are now one of the leading girls in the school, and, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, your comrades "follow the Piper for their lives." What is your opinion of Slang, Sororities and Crushes?

Take Slang. The day is passed when you rejoiced in picking up every stray and startling word you could find and springing it upon your parents at dinner. Now, when you are older you find the question of slang more difficult. You never dream of actual swearing, nor of what you might call camouflaged swearing, "Darn" and "Gee," but it is far more difficult to avoid careless words, words which fall under the definition of the old Icelandic Slendja, "flung out at your neighbor." They remind you of jerky, staccato rag-time music thumped out with one finger on the piano. "An adorable hat—a beastly milliner—

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perfectly putrid—gets my goat—a rotten old thing.”

What is the use of vulgarity of this sort? Is it to look smart or, as you yourself might express it, to give a kind of “pal” feeling to your neighbor?

Whatever the reason, the tragedy remains. For centuries a river of classical English, clear as crystal, the English of the Bible and of Shakespeare, has been silting down, generation after generation, the red sand, the vulgarity, the sticks and stubble of the careless crowd. But nowadays, alas, when the Bible is no longer so universally a textbook and the movie is dictating a slang of its own (a slang, moreover, requiring a dictionary of its own) and our language, is no longer “a well of English, undefiled.” The worst of it is, this sudden inrush comes at the very phsycological moment when, as in Belgium, English is being substituted in schools for German and is bidding fair to become the language of the world.

What is to be done? You boys and girls have greater influence than you understand, and you head girls have a greater chance than any teacher in determining the language of your fellows.

But apart from the misfortune to the nation, you never know how slang may block your own pathway in life. You want to speak and write in days to come and you will find that you speak and write according to the words on the tip of your tongue. It is said that swearing is the only hook with which the devil catches souls without bait, and slang is said by one of its devotees to be the only “dead give away without

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a prize." An unfortunate teacher learned this when she lost a school at her first interview with the Managers because when asked if she would check slang, she replied, "You bet."

Next as to what are technically termed "crushes." It is splendid to have influence and still more splendid for the younger girls to try to live up to you, but there is nothing sillier than wild adoration or more hurtful to you and your fellows. Fancy a child rushing in before school to kiss the inky corner of your desk, or keeping a bit of orange peel from your lunch basket! See to it that your comrades are "pricked by common sense," not worshippers of a sentimental shadow.

Then as to Sororities. Do you intend to promote a self-elected secret fellowship, or to encourage good team play? Are you and your chosen set of friends going to crowd around, as it were, a fireside of your own and forget your shivering comrades outside? Throw your strength into Athletic Clubs, Y.W.C.A. Societies, Country Clubs, Camera Clubs, everything, anything you please, rather than self-elected narrow circles.

You will find that self-denial and self-control are the secrets of efficient rule and that every deviation from the right brings a tragic result.

"It's a long step round by the Crucifix,
To the man with the mighty load,
But there's hell to pay where the dead mule lies
If you go by the Baileul Road."

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Your great secret is to live only for God and for your conscience, to do everything at the double, play at the double, work at the double. You will succeed as you are alive to your finger tips, for live religion, keen work and clean love are the three greatest things in the world and the most worth while.

"The dawn is drawing nigh,
And you must raise your standard with the sun,
Buckle each strap, close up the ranks and on,
On with your colors to a second war."

CHAPTER XVII

A QUESTION OF BOYS

BUT now for a wholly new departure. You have been hurrying in these papers so far at top speed along the corridors of the varying professions, only halting once and again to think out the rule of the road and to shake hands with your girl friends. But that is not enough. There are men as well as women, and boys as well as girls in those same corridors, and the rule of the road must be mastered in your dealings with them as well as with everybody else.

Now there is a wise and an unwise way of taking men friends. I know only too well that at times they loom out of all proportion on a girl's horizon. Lydia Bennett, in "Pride and Prejudice," saw nothing in war beyond "tents stretched forth in beauteous uniformity of line and crowded with the young and gay, and dazzling with scarlet, and best of all, in the very centre, Lydia herself seated beneath one of those tents, tenderly flirting with at least six officers at once."

But because some women trifle like children, and worse than trifle, on the surface, there is no reason why all comradeship should be empty and narrow. There is no question but that a man's outlook enlarges a woman's horizon, and his friendship adds greatly

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to her enjoyment of life. Miss Mitford, the celebrated authoress, herself owned up when she was past fifty-five that "society without a strong dash of the manly element was tasteless to her." You are not yet fifty-five nor indeed anywhere near half fifty-five, yet you too at times find society without an element of that same friendship a bit tasteless. It is not so much the feeling,

"Oh, 'tis May time, 'tis play time,
All the world is bright,
And love is in the sunshine,
And in the silent stars at night."

Nor is it because men do not see your weaknesses so clearly as women and are less down upon your infirmities. It is because you feel their strength and find they look at life from a different point of view, and that there is almost always something refreshing and unexpected in talking with them.

But whilst you enjoy that friendship, be on your guard lest, like Lydia, you should forget to "play up, play up, and play the game." "It isn't playing the game," cries a boy as he turns away disgusted from a girl who has been amusing herself at his expense and deserts him the moment a new star appears upon the horizon.

True play turns upon how far you are selfish or unselfish, how far you are building on the shifting sands of popularity or on what Charlotte Brontë calls the truer foundation of comradeship, "Their sakes, not your sake."

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Your brothers stand first. They matter intensely, for they are life comrades, friends to whom you unfailingly turn in your hour of need. I take it for granted that you are among the lucky ones of the world who have had the great joy of growing up "a tall white lily among a host of brothers." You know nothing of the desolation of the poor wee chap who plaintively cried, "I wish I was two little dogs so I could play together."

There are three stages of friendship with your brothers. The first, the stage of the long ago when they teased and tormented you till you could have cried out with the small child whose sock fell off in the night, "Tommy done it"—the said Tommy having been asleep for hours and totally innocent.

Then comes the second stage, when they were still more unsparing in their criticisms and comments and objected powerfully to your company. "You think I am going down town with a girl like that." And if they went, they took possession of your car tickets before starting, so that they might have the dignified appearance of chivalrously paying for you without the expense.

Meantime, you on your side were just as disdainful. You looked upon them as wild colts from the prairies, bewailed their borrowing of your most cherished possessions, and the worse than borrowing, forgetting to return them. You never dreamt that you were gaining rapidly from those same brothers in return; you never realized in your games that you

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were learning to be a "good sport," and better still a "good loser." Still less did you see that the perpetual criticism and teasing, irritating as it might be, was helping you to measure the flattery which other boys were lavishing on you at its true value and helping you to keep a normal opinion of yourself. You did not realize when they were discussing other girls and making fun of them, that they were unconsciously putting you upon your guard, and making you very fearful lest other girls' brothers might make fun of you in turn behind your back.

Then comes the third and present stage, when you have discovered that your brothers' friendship is one of the most entrancing possessions of your life. Yet even now you have to be careful lest by reckless carelessness you should cast it away. Teasing, snapping and quarrelling are dangerous work. They alienate and tempt you to discuss your brother's failings with a girl friend, and to forget that "thy friend hath a friend," and that "a bird of the air may carry the matter." You take your luck and discover too late that "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city," and that your unfortunate contentions have grown as impassable as "the bars of a castle."

"Careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the some time guest,
But to grieve your own with look or tone,
Though you love your own the best."

But there are comrades in the world as well as

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brothers. Every year you have been forming wider friendship and latterly, in the war light, have been beginning to feel like hero worship. You have learnt that never a man in the war but played his part better for the spirit of a woman hovering over him, and never a woman but played her part better for the consciousness of her own particular hero in the war. The question is how to use that mutual admiration, that hero worship, wisely, how to catch the healthiest breeze, so that your ship and his ship may steer the more steadily for God and for the right.

You have untold influence if you would only use it in the right way. There is an underhand, crooked way which we all despise. Any magistrate in India will tell you that he looks for the root of a disturbance, not in the devices of a wealthy nabob, but in the cunning of a withered old woman in the innermost recesses of a zenana. Napoleon put his finger unflinchingly on the danger spot and in despatching Ambassador or General would always give as a parting instruction: "*Soignez les dames.*" But we are not dealing with intrigue, but with the very opposite of this kind of crooked cunning. We are trying to find what we may call a "consecrated commonsense," that is to say, the power of a clean strong personality, such a personality as will avail in helping a boy across what Roger Ascham calls "that most slippery age." You of all women in the world ought to have this inborn clean power, for at the very time when Jane Austen's heroines were fainting, and

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Coleridge was saying that the greatest charm of women lay in their being "characterless," your Canadian ancestors were as keen-witted and resourceful as the day, spinning their own garments, grinding their own corn, carrying it to the mill, and managing ably from morning till night. You have never been shut up like an English girl in a nursery, but have shared your father's and mother's thoughts and been in the family counsels ever since you can remember. And this war time, like your sisters in England, you have bravely tackled men's work and learnt to respect the place which work has, and ought to have, in every man's life.

But there is danger in that freedom. Some of you are wise enough to be guided by your mother and to understand that she is the most devoted counsellor and friend that you will ever have. It is so easy to fling aside a mother's experience almost as contemptuously as the once famous Becky Sharp flung Johnson's dictionary out of the window on her departure from Miss Pinkerton's select academy at Chiswick.

It is easy to take your own line, but not easy paying the price of experience. The old days of chaperoning are over, but a mother's love and counsel are never over, nor will be until, alas, the day comes when the world is all too empty and silent to you forever.

But to come back to the point. You are at the stage when boys have passed from being necessary evils into thrilling companions. Your future and

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theirs turns largely as Charlotte Brontë says upon how far you intend caring for them for their sakes, rather than for what you can get out of them.

They have more command of money than you have and rejoice in giving you flowers and showing you attention. They are stronger and more chivalrous than your girl friends, and willing to help you over rough places; and, what is more soothing to your vanity, they are inclined to idolize you and think you perfect. Your dealing with them at this juncture is the touchstone of your character. You are fact to face with the question as old as Cain and Abel: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Can I flit hither and thither, fickle as the wind, or must I consider my influence over my boy friends? Need I worry as to how far they can really afford to give me flowers and candy. One thing is clear: you must either take their gifts altogether or cut them out altogether. You cannot tell the first boy he is wealthy and, therefore, you will take his candy; and the next boy he is hard up and, therefore, you will take nothing at all. In so doing you would injure the second boy by wounding his self-respect more cruelly than you would wound his purse by accepting his presents. St. Paul decided that if meat caused his brother to offend, he would eat no meat so long as the world endured. If accepting flowers and candy is going to keep a boy from putting away the money which would enable him to marry, and, as our old friend, Mrs. Poyser, remarked: "Christians can't be married, like cuckoos,

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upon nothing," then you have no right to take it.

There is a still more serious side to the question. In your reckless selfishness you may plunge the boy, who is trying to express his goodwill and affection, into debt, and tempt him to advance money to himself out of the bank or business in which he is working. "The trouble of a woman is, she is for ever wanting something," said a poor boy imprisoned the other day for forgery. "I promised to give her everything she asked and I had to get it somehow."

But now we come to the greater question of general influence. Every older woman knows and feels intense sympathy with the boys who are growing up amidst the dazzling future and endless temptation of today. Every thinking woman knows further that, gladly as she would help them, the greater steadying influence upon their lives must come from the girls of their own age. What steadying influence do you intend to exert on the vexed questions of smoking, swearing, gambling and impurity?

Smoking has increased at such a pace that the war has been called a tobacconists' war. We felt if the men were going through so much for us that there was nothing in the wide world, tobacco or anything else, that we would not shower upon them. But what about the aftermath of the war? Are our boys to risk injuring their teeth, their nerves, their hearts permanently by excessive smoking, or are we going to help them to recover their balance now that they have returned? If you smoke with the boys, is it likely

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to make them smoke less or more? Apart from the questionable effect of smoking upon your own teeth, nerves and heart, apart from the question of a new and unnecessary indulgence, comes the greater question of your own personal influence. Whatever a boy may think about a comrade smoking, ask him how far he likes picturing his mother smoking beside him, and nine times out of ten you will get a very sufficient answer. The vision of his mother smoking somehow dazzles "that high soul of pure white womanhood," dazzles "the sweet heart of grace revealed in womanhood in these black days." You would not like the boys to describe you as Lamb described Coleridge: "An archangel slightly damaged." How desperate it would be if you had to say, as women have said, "I would give a thousand dollars if I could stop smoking, but it is too late now, it is out of the question." Suppose, further, that the thirst engendered by smoking tempted you into the taking of cocktails, what kind of influence do you imagine you would exercise over your lover, husband and children? Could you answer in the sight of Christ that you had conquered everything which held you back to the utmost of your power, that you were sacrificing your every inclination, doing your utmost to quicken everyone around you to nobler birth?

Take, again, the question of gambling. The boys who have been overseas have gambled their lives away in France for us and are naturally reckless on their return. Their younger brothers are growing

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up with extraordinary opportunities and, carried away by fever heat, are inclined to follow their elder brothers' examples and gamble in their turn. You may stake only a five-cent piece on the game; it is not a question of the five cents, but of the spirit, which counts. Is your influence greater against gambling when your hands are absolutely clean, or when you have gained, be it only a ten-cent piece, by it? Is your hospitality greater when a spirit of generosity rules over the game you play as well as over the meal you preside over? Your aim ought to be to send out every guest happier and stronger instead of letting him depart with even of so inconsiderable a sting as the loss of a ten-cent piece behind him.

Take, again, the question of swearing. We know only too well that an appalling fire of evil passion has been let loose at the front, and we cannot wonder if appalling invectives in addition have been let loose on every side. Thank God the hell fire itself has passed but you are still face to face with the question as to the line which you intend to take and how far you will help the men who have suffered so much for you to overcome the habit of swearing.

Now swearing is of two kinds. There is, first, desperate swearing, the swearing in which a man deliberately invokes the vengeance of heaven or of hell upon his luckless opponent. That is, unquestionably, murder in his heart if not in his hand, and so far as that is concerned you have no hesitation in turning away, shuddering, from that type of swearing.

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But when you come to the second and far commoner type of swearing, the swearing which betrays mere annoyance or carelessness, it is more difficult. Carlyle, in wild irritation, denounces the fire of heaven because he cannot find the matches, but hardly intends the luckless maid servant to perish under it.

At the time of the Welsh revival, the horses in the pits were so bewildered at the sudden cessation of swearing, that they did not know what to make of it. Such swearing falls under the head of habit far more than of deliberate vengeance. Yet, whatever the type of swearing may be, the command remains, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and Christ's words ring still clearer, "Swear not at all, but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay. Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

Therefore, swearing, whether mere annoyance or carelessness, still "cometh of evil." And the question is, what ought to be your attitude towards it? An Arab mother feels her responsibility, and at a child's first oath takes a live coal and touches his lips as a sign that, unconscious as he may be, of sin, it is better that his lips should burn with fire from outside than be poisoned with fire from within.

If it is true that it is better for a man to return from the front with a bit of shrapnel in his backbone than with a bit of moral shrapnel in his soul, how far can you help him to recover?

It may be "Just a look of swift surprise in the quiet lifted eyes," or a turning away at the first hint

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of intentional or unintentional coarseness, but either the one or the other is a far truer test of friendship than laughing feebly at what you know is wrong.

Take next the question of purity. Your marching orders run clear, "But uncleanness and filthiness and foolish talking, let it not be once named among you." The spirit of that order touches three of the great evils of to-day, doubtful books, problem plays and crude dancing. Dr. Johnson declared that there were books he would sooner praise than read. Nowadays he would declare there were books he would sooner burn than read.

The greatest thing in the world is love, but the deadliest thing in the world is love and passion touched in a coarse way, and if you are Christ's soldier you will shun the infection of scarlet fever in your soul, as you shrink from the placarded house and the infection of scarlet fever to your body. You will turn from the sewers of book or play as you would turn from the unclean sewers of the street. It is fatal dallying with sin, and out of curiosity amusing yourself by watching an unsavory problem disentangle itself in book or theatre and imagining that everything which you have heard will carry itself away, the moment you come out, into the farthest sea. How can you tell that your soul is of such an exquisitely pure quality that impurity runs off it like quicksilver off a table and never finds a resting place in your imagination? How can you be certain that the souls of your neighbors are as miraculously spot-

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less as your own and that impure suggestion stirs up no evil passions in them, never draws them into sin?

Your marching orders bid you take the line which is safest, cleanest, strongest, the line from which you can hold out the firmest hand to your neighbor. It bids you hate the chamber of a mind such as Spenser detested, "Filled all with flyes, devices, idle thoughts and fantasies," and determine that "if Grill will be Grill and have his hoggish mind, you at any rate will "depart whilst weather serves and wind." You ask "the heaven above you and a clear, clean road, before you." You ask that you may be "a small, bright cloud, alone amid the skies, so high, so wide apart your honour lies."

But you are not long before marriage looms up in the distance, and your mother is anxious. She detests the modern rough, not to say coarse, style of dancing and worries not only as to the men and boys you meet, but as to the way in which you meet them. What do you think about men?

There are some men who are incapable of a high ideal of marriage. They are as cold and calculating as Bacon, who marvelled how a man could "kneele before an idoll," and declared the stage got more out of love than lovers, for "the stage found comedy and tragedy, but lovers mischief and fury." He had not learned the Alpha or Omega of love and marriage.

Next come men who are foolish and shallow. Sir Roger de Coverley tells of young fellows who could

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find nothing better to do with their time than waste it at the Club playing with a piece of ribbon, a broken fan or an old girdle, and discussing and criticising the various women with whom they were dallying.

But what do men think about women? Women can be as cold and shallow as men. Sir Roger de Coverley is clear upon this point and describes them as "too much given to the draperies of their species," and instances a woman who was so undetermined in her choice between two lovers that she finally decided upon the man who happened to have added an extra row of lace to his liveries.

Then, again, women are mercenary:—

"Some men have a family tree
And loud of it descant;
But I shall wed a man who has
A good-sized business plant."

But take it that you are neither shallow nor designing. Still your mother is anxious, for she knows that people's tongues run fast the moment a man begins to pay the slightest attention to you, and she knows again that your character is rapidly changing with your growth, and fears lest your friend of to-day will not necessarily be your friend of to-morrow. She knows, further that you must be on your guard; that you have no right to arouse the affection of a boy who is giving you of his best, and then the moment you tire of him, break his ideal of womanhood by casting him aside for ever.

It is said that there are the "angels of two kinds.

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and both sorts are charming in their way." You may have a natural charm which is one of God's gifts, and naturally attract men. "Set her on the Tintock Tap. The wind will blaw a man to her." But if so you have to take the responsibility of your charm and influence. There are women whose minds and memories remind you of a banquetting hall surrounded by little else save the shields of their vanquished lovers. They boast of the number of proposals they have received, and of the devastation which they have wrought, with pretty much the same gusto as an Indian recounts his scalps, and shamelessly congratulate themselves upon the men they have cast off. If Sir Isaac Newton could chide his trembling terrier at the sight of his charred papers and the destruction of his priceless years of work, these women need chiding till they hang their heads in veriest shame at the thought of the lives they have shattered. Unfortunately women, such as these, are as incapable as any terrier of understanding the mischief they have wrought, the ideal they have dashed to the ground, and the bitter "no, Sir," with which a young man looks at women from that time forward. They are as hard as nails, as unabashed as the unfortunate girl in jail at the present moment for murdering her two lovers, who, far from repenting, spends her time dressing and undressing a doll in a cradle in the corner of her cell. They have the sang froid of Thackeray's heroine, of German origin:—

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"Charlotte, when she saw her lover
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

Think of the gnawing consciousness all your life long of knowing that you have injured the man who would have given his life for you; the despair of feeling that the influence of other women will never entirely restore his lost ideal, any more than the goodness of a good egg will make up for the badness of a bad one.

Then there is a tragedy of remorse at making yourself too cheap. It may be all very well for Jenny Wren

"To pinch her waist and rouge a bit,
With a sigh for the eye of her gay Tom Tit,"

and be a trifle crestfallen if "her plan does not work a bit," and "he sneers, as I feared, does that gay Tom Tit." But you would be desperately crestfallen at a like rebuff and care more than a bit.

And lastly, there is the folly, to say the least of it, of seeming other than you really are; of seeming truer, straighter, purer. That, too, "does not work a bit," for the atmosphere of your personality inevitably betrays itself, if not before marriage still more fatally after marriage. But you say that is only part of the game, and that a wound or disappointment of that kind heals itself. But in men worth while it does not heal itself, it merely skins over.

It may be that men are as selfish and careless as

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girls. I am not disputing that. All I am disputing is your responsibility in letting them flutter around you like a moth around a candle and caring nothing for the lasting singeing of their wings. You would hate to pray as you step across into Eternity: "O God, take me but bury my influence."

The truth is the boy of to-day amuses himself, but down at bottom he is intensely practical, intensely matter of fact, and most keenly conscious of the weaknesses and inconsistencies in the character of his girl friends. He is very far advanced compared with his predecessors in the days when women were few in Canada and the mere fact of being a woman counted. To-day, there are crowds of girls and, owing to co-education and the general change of tone, the mere fact of being a girl counts comparatively little. A boy still idealizes his mother, but if he is to idealize his girl friends he will require something more than prettiness. He looks for the qualities of good comradeship, unselfishness, generosity and, above all, playing the game, before he goes in for genuine friendship, genuine love.

If I were a fairy godmother, and could waft you three gifts, the first would be that you might discover in your own life the joy of Seneca's saying: "True friends are the whole world to one another," and that you might be "in nothing else so happy as in the heart remembering a good friend."

Secondly, that in all your dealings, and most especially with men and boys, you might be free from

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flippancy and affectation. For flippancy ruins true love more effectually than blight mars a field of corn, and affectation ruins a fair face far worse than small-pox.

And thirdly, that when your day for marriage comes, you may meet your lover with "grace in your step, friendship in your eye, truth and love in your every gesture." Your price will be above rubies:—

"Men at your side will grow nobler, girls purer,
And through the whole town the children be gladder
That pull at your gown."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

A WAVE of adventure is passing over the Old Country akin to the spirit of daring which seized England after the Napoleonic and Crimean wars; "Eyes weary with seas of blood" once again long for green fields. Men tramping the long road, the white road, the road without an end," rejoice now that

"The task they had to do is done,
The war they had to win is won."

And "with faces to the setting sun" "they can come tramping on their way." But women as well as men are longing for a road lying out of doors, a road lying in and "about the feet of God."

Seventy-five farm workers, women fully trained and hardened by war service, forerunners of the many to follow, are at this moment taking flight for their first essay in Western Farming. They cannot, after the hundred and one thrilling occupations, each with its own flavor of excitement, settle down to the tedium of indoor or society life; they ask adventure, hard work and independence. Not so very many years ago, a woman of gentle birth or careful up bringing was a scarce and precious

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article in the less populated parts of Western Canada. Men "bached" in more or less discomfort, or married half breeds as a simple expedient for obtaining a housekeeper. Men still protest that no man has a right to let a woman share the loneliness of ranch life, and many a rancher has given up prosperous bachelor homesteads on the prairie for wife and a home in a more sociable environment. On the other hand, as we know, not a few women have willingly separated themselves from their own people and their own interests and borne with the monotony of prairie life for the joy of turning some lonely man's shack into a comfortable home.

This is, of course, the chief mission of women in the West—the converting of shacks into homes—and these words convey, to any one who has watched the process of conversion very much more than appears on the surface.

Let us drive across country. We pass a one-roomed shack by the side of the trail. It is a desolate place—no fenced in garden, no attempt at anything like comfort; a part of a "quarter section" broken, but without sign of life anywhere. Our driver flicks his whip at the hut. "That," says he, "is where young Osborne lived."

We wait to hear the end of the story, for it sounds like the beginning of one, and it beguiles several miles of our route; but shortly it amounted to this.

A younger son, a little wild in England, was given a portion and sent "out west" to make good. He built

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his shack, broke part of his land, and one day, in the midst of winter, was found a pistol at his lifeless hand and a bullet through his brain.

"But, why?" you ask. "Why, wasn't he getting on?"

"Getting on? Oh yes, getting on all right, but starved, yes," he says, "starved, it amounted to that."

You express your incredulity. No one starves in this land of plenty.

"Yet," he says, "I've always maintained that its starvation that begins it with young fellows like that in this country. They can't cook, they make bad bread, finally give it up and make none at all and resort to soda biscuits. They won't grow vegetables, they are careless of what they eat and get depressed in consequence. Add loneliness to this, and this sort of thing happens. My wife and I were just too late with Osborne. He was shy and we had only just begun to realize how very much alone he was. Of course he was ten miles away from us, but we should never have allowed this to happen—we were just too late. My wife has never forgiven herself."

It was last winter that a young English woman and her husband were driving out to the river bank in quest of coal, when they passed another young fellow's shack (young Delaware's). There was a curiously forsaken look about the place, and as they drove up, they could see that there was obviously something wrong. The cattle in the enclosure were huddled around the house, lowing in frantic fashion,

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while some, weak and emaciated were lying in exhausted attitude on the snowy ground. Her husband rapped on the door. There was no answer. He opened it and went in. In a few moments he reappeared looking white and distressed.

"Anything wrong?" she asked. "We can't do anything," he said. Delaware was dead. Half dressed, he was lying on his bed, his frozen limbs barely covered. Everything in the house was frozen, bread, water, meat. They did what they could for the cattle, then drove to the nearest telephone for help, and conjectured on the way as to the meaning of this thing. It was fairly obvious really. Delaware was delicate at the best of times. He had been overcome by some weakness, had not found strength to light up his fire and thaw out his food, had probably just given it up without struggling too much, and this was the end.

These are the tragic, lonely deaths, but no more tragic than are the lives of many men in Western Canada. It is easy to say that while women are not suited to a lonely life, men can stand loneliness, for they can lose thought of themselves in the interest of their work. There is some truth in this, of course, but what of the long solitary winter evenings, the whole days of rain or snow? What of the solitary meals? One man hated Sundays; he read little, had no near neighbours, lived in a one-roomed shack, and was of a sociable disposition. He usually did his washing, baked his bread, and gave his shack and

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himself an extra clean, and so spent his day of rest. Men do need some kind of social life as sorely as women. They *degenerate* for want of it, they grow indifferent to not unimportant customs of polite society. Men who live alone as a rule grow careless as to dress, language, and manner of eating. They live for work alone, and *degenerate* almost inevitably.

Of course there are exceptions. There are men who manage to be excellent housekeepers, particular in their personal habits, whose shacks would be a credit to any housewife, but these are decided exceptions. It is almost impossible to run a farm inside and out, single handed, and do justice to the place all round.

And this seems the moment for a timely warning. Among the new occupations suggested for women is that of farming. Now it is certain that some women make excellent farmers, and manage the outside work as well as men, but while men can and do farm single handed, no man does it from choice, and no woman ought ever to attempt it. There is no doubt that a group of women naturally robust, working together can manage even heavy farm work such as the breaking of the land or the clearing of bush, but there is also no doubt that two women could not by any means do work equal to that of two men in the same time. This being so, it seems a pity that they should not realize that it would pay far better to specialize in certain branches of farm work in which they have

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proved that their work is equal if not superior to that of men. Among these one might mention fruit growing, dairy work, poultry raising, bee-keeping. Men from overseas are already flocking to the west, to take up land; women also, in no small numbers are asking for homesteads. Now, so far as the west is concerned, it is not women farmers that are needed, but women of the old domestic virtues. The west needs women badly, not for the cultivation of the land—there will be men enough for that—but as “home makers,” whether they come in the capacity of wives, or house-keepers, or “Hired Help.”

The late influenza epidemic proved the need of such women. Over and over again there came to headquarters from mining camps, from faraway ranches, from Indian Reserves, the urgent request, “Send us a woman, a nurse if you can get her, but in any case, a woman.” But there were not enough women to go around, or the death roll of influenza victims would have been considerably shortened.

Whether there is a solution to this domestic problem or not, it is our business to find out. Certainly the problem becomes more difficult as it is realized that it is not “domestic servants” that the west most needs, though there is no doubt these would be heartily welcomed; it is gentle women in the true sense of the word who are needed, gentle women who are capable of rough, disagreeable work, but who possess social instincts, cultured minds and common sense.

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The trouble is, of course, that from a financial standpoint, there is nothing to be gained by such women. The majority of those who possess the qualities I have mentioned, possess also the ambition to excel in some business or profession, or "count" in the true social life of the city.

Yet I believe there are at least two classes of Canadian and English girls to whom the West should make an appeal. First there are girls who, for want of any particular training or influence, drift into nursing governess work, and unsatisfactory, ill-paid work it is as a rule, giving little chance for self development or promotion. And then there are girls who leave school with no very definite idea as to what they want to do next. Vaguely speaking, they want to make themselves useful, they want to test their powers of adaptability. It is not a question of earning money with them, but becoming all round helpful women.

I would suggest to these girls, the nursery governess who is generally a glorified maid-of-all work, and the girl who is feeling her way, that a year on a Western ranch might help the one to re-assert her own individuality and re-discover her own forgotten inclinations, and the other to gain, as she looks at city life from a distance, a dim perception of the right proportions of things. Each would gain infinitely from her many and varied experiences. If she has unsuspected talent for managing refractory children or animals, she will have a chance of proving it. She

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may be called upon to keep house with inadequate implements, to carpenter with insufficient tools, to nurse without the advice of a doctor, to play the organ in church at a moment's notice, to assist a new born babe into the world, to lay out a body for burial, to concoct a costume out of nothing for a fancy dress barn dance, to persuade a neighbor's three-year-old hat to masquerade as a new one. In a country where the doctor may live some twenty miles away, where bread, not to mention cake, cannot be bought for mere money, where "mail orders" bring a carefully packed wrong article to you after a wait of some ten days, it behooves the woman to exercise to the utmost her powers of resourcefulness and ingenuity.

Life in the West is not all work and no play. We have somehow been left with one of two impressions of Western life, equally false. Either we have been persuaded that it is a life of drudging and loneliness, in which the finer senses are gradually deadened and the intellect dulled, or on the other hand we have been thrilled by romantic stories of adventurous girl cow punchers in picturesque costume, by impossible escapades with wild beasts or Indians. Neither of these impressions is correct. The work is hard and to a certain extent monotonous; washing day comes with unfailing regularity; churning and bread making, the day of excitement as a young bride described it and of never failing surprises. House cleaning again can never be dispensed with, but life is not made up of these. There is the constant interest of

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the animal life around you. Here are wee lambs born into a snowy world registering thirty below zero, to be cared for with very special human care. There are chickens to be reared, eggs to be gathered—a delightful occupation. In the spring time the house wife and her “Help” are in danger of neglecting the house for the garden, and many a rest hour is forgotten in waging war on deadly cut-worms, or in vigorous attacks upon the ever-encroaching weeds.

And the dull nature of the work is to a large extent lost sight of in the fact of being a worker in a household of workers. There is no invidious distinction between the servant and the served. There are no mysterious kitchen quarters inhabited by the one, nor a remote “up-stairs,” the sacred precinct of the other. Washing day finds the men carrying pails of water for the “washer-woman,” or taking a turn at the washing machine; at a dinner party the visitors lend a hand with the dish washing; guests staying in the house do their share of the daily “chores” as a matter of course.

Amusements are not lacking. It is true that Picture Shows are still only a name to many, and the gramophone is the chief means of becoming familiar with popular music; yet everywhere, where women have come to stay, there are brave attempts to meet the real need of the West for more entertainment. Bridge is re-placing the old gambling game of Poker; barn dances are popular, and at these the women folk supply truly wonderful “baskets” con-

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taining sausage rolls, iced cakes, mysterious sandwiches. Skating parties, picnics, paper chases on horse-back, amateur dramatic clubs, the members of which often go "on tour" to different settlements, reading and debating societies,—all these are responses to an imperative human demand for something which will help to relieve the heavy and continuous work of the labourer on the land.

Perhaps you will think this an unworthy occupation,—the entertainment of hard working men—for it is the women who are responsible for most of these recreative movements; yet there is more in it than meets the eye. The presence of women helps to bring cleanliness and order and sobriety into a community. It is the women who get the churches built, and are chiefly instrumental in seeing that they are maintained. It is the women who bring beauty and variety and colour into drab existence. It is the woman school teacher rather than the man who radiates most influence in the little community. It is in short the woman who turns the shack into the home, and draws together isolated individuals and families, and makes of them Society.

Surely there are many that the West must needs attract for its own sake. To those who have not felt the "draw" of the West, it is useless to insist that this is no mere fanciful notion. It has an attraction that is hard to understand and impossible to analyze, but there it is. Those who have once lived on the prairie long for it again as the sailor longs for the sea, and

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the hill man longs for the hills. The wide skies and vast spaces, the blue, starry nights and the cloudless days make their own appeal that comes from the fact that here are the fair beginnings of things. Slowly but very certainly the surface of the land is changing character; man is claiming it for his own. The pioneer who has lived and worked for years in lonely isolation finds that he is gradually accumulating neighbours on all sides of him. Groups of shacks are gradually developing into ambitious young towns which live in a state of constant and for the most part healthy competition with their neighbours in such matters as growth of population, amounts raised by Red Cross subscriptions or sale of real estate! All this in the past has been the work of men. Women have too long fought shy of the West. The schools need women teachers, there is demand for nurses and women doctors, farm "Helps" are at a discount—and—there are too many married men living isolated bachelor lives trying to carry on, in spite of the fact that the partner who should be helping has dodged her share of the work and gone back to "civilization."

Surely women who have helped the men out so nobly in their fight against a foreign foe, will play their part in the conquering of their own country. It is in these outposts that women are most needed. It is their privilege to lend a hand in the work at which men have far too long struggled single-handed, and it is their duty as well as privilege to help to

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lay the foundations of the social life of that glorious West that is the true Canada.

But now for a few practical hints—like Dr. Strachan of old time it is dreary to find yourself “stranded a lonely stranger in a foreign land without resources and without a single acquaintance.” If it was hard for a man of his standing, it will be far harder for you in a new country with everything strange around you. Fortunately, there are countless people at work trying to meet your difficulty. The Y.W.C.A. is a Godsend in the hour of need, and has posted forty-one houses at strategic points in Canada where you can be certain of advice and work. Other Societies, like the Y.W.C.A., the King’s Daughters, the I.O.D.E. (Daughters of the Empire) the Girls Friendly, are all holding out welcoming hands, and you can get accurate information from one and another at first hand.

Then again if you are English and willing to dare, you want to know how far you are strong enough and capable enough to succeed in Western Canada.

To answer this question get any advice you can from the Y.W.C.A., the National Council of Women and Emigration societies. I hope the day is not far distant when a hostel will be established in Liverpool or other large city in which, instead of taking your luck you can qualify before sailing. It would save endless heart-burning on this side if the emigration of the future were confined to chosen and tested set-

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tlers, and if for such settlers Canada would undertake a very vital responsibility.

If you have capital you might combine, and form a hostel in a large city in which, whilst you were training at a technical school you could be supported partly by your own capital, partly by half time work.

The main point is to find out what you can do. There is nothing more pathetic in this world than a misfit. You pass by a little garden in a Toronto slum, with its painfully trained vines, its onions and tomatoes, and may take it as the sign manual of a Pole eating his heart out in longing for a farm, a farm which he might have had if only a friend had told him at landing where to go and how to buy it, instead of leaving him to purchase a wretched little shanty in the slums.

But what is his tragedy beside that of the artist or violinist, taking a pittance as nursery governess, factory girl or saleswoman, under conditions no servant would endure? It is well that Women's Councils in the West are alive to this tragedy and creating hostels every here and there.

The second day dream would have to be carried out entirely by yourselves. Some half dozen of you, (though here, again, you would need capital,) might form a Guild which should be self-governing, self-supporting and independent. You might wear a distinctive uniform and go out as gardeners, chauffeurs, nursery governesses, upholsterers, interior decorators, hair-dressers, milliners, skilled needle-

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women, skilled domestic helpers, and so forth.

But is it best to go East or West? If you have Old Country qualifications you will find life easier and more settled in the East, but work is better and shorter training required in the West. Column after column in Western newspapers advertises for Teachers in Public Schools from five hundred to a thousand dollars, a year, and in High Schools from a thousand to sixteen hundred dollars a year.

It is true the conditions in these schools are not by any means idyllic. You may find yourself in charge of some twenty-five children, not one of whom can speak a word of English—Swedes, Germans, Ruthenians, Lithuanians,—and it may take weeks or months of patience before you have taught them enough English to gain a really satisfactory understanding. Then, again, it is exceedingly difficult to get board, and you have to be upon your guard, for certain districts are isolated and dangerous. On the other hand, if you have good advice and choose your school carefully, you will rejoice in being a centre of attraction, the wise counsellor of the children, the chosen friend of the mothers of the district.

Secondly, if you are a good stenographer or office girl you will have no difficulty in finding work and have a boundless prospect ahead of you. Women of real ability, culture and sound education rise rapidly, and in time occasionally become confidential secretaries to leading businessmen or politicians.

Then possibly you are still more adventurous and

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have capital at command. If so, once again, there are excellent openings ahead of you, provided that you are willing to serve your apprenticeship and learn the ways of a new country. These mastered, you will follow the lead of your predecessors who have successfully started greenhouses, opened stores, constructed toys, taken up bee-keeping, chicken farming, even taken up horse breeding with immense success like the Belgian women before the war.

But now for a few words of practical advice. You are leaving England because you have decided that, "Of old things all are over old," and "of good things none are good enough," and that you "want to help to mould a world of better stuff." So far good. But before taking a part in moulding a new world you must free your mind of misconceptions, dispel any idea of back woods, intense hardship or wild adventure, any imagining you can go anywhere, and do anything. You will find, lying back of the freedom you rejoice in, laws of etiquette as rigid in Canada as in England, possibly all the more rigid just because they are unexpressed. There is comradeship and *bonhomie*, but, owing to the very absence of red tape, judgment frequently descends all the more swiftly and tragically upon the offender.

What practical hints can be given you? In the first place, never dream of buying clothes for "roughing it in the bush." You will have to be far more careful over the style and fit of your clothes out West than ever you were in the Old Country.

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Secondly, remember you have to live down the prejudice created by the failures, who, like remittance men, turned up everywhere expecting to succeed in Canada. They drifted from pillar to post, perpetually heavy, on hand, perpetually labelled, "decidedly English"—and relieved their feelings by looking upon Canadians as interesting specimens, and by affecting a kind of off-handedness, half shyness, half bravado, which, nevertheless, cost them dear.

You will live this down and make your way according as you appreciate the heroic labour and cheery optimism of those who endured of old—the men and women who jolted over corduroy roads with tree trunks jogging up and down like keys of a piano under them till they "set their teeth, screwed themselves to their seats and commended themselves to Heaven"—or trailed and trekked their way long days and nights across the prairie.

You will succeed in short if, in place of criticising and sarcastically smiling, you come out to Canada with something, be it ever so little, of the spirit of the enthusiast who kneels down and kisses in ecstasy the soil that will one day be his.

CHAPTER XIX

THE QUEEN OF THEM ALL

THE Professions have been so eagerly discussing the question as to which was the most honorable of them all that they are wholly taken aback at the cry: "A Mother, a Mother." But in a flash, at the first suggestion, every mother's son among them flings up his hat, and from the bottom of his heart joins in the chorus—"A Mother, a Mother."

No one is more astonished than the mother herself. The truth is she has been so busy with the wear and tear of everyday life, so hardened into a kind of patient, large-eyed steadfastness, that she has never imagined she had any claim upon the professions at all. She has impulsively given of her every thought, her every love, with never a look back, save perhaps once in a while, with hours never limited by the whistle, wearied out, she has muttered, "six mortal hours a day I spend on food, six mortal hours a day."

She cannot understand the cry at all, indeed refuses to believe her ears until the leaders of the professions come forward one by one to affirm her right. They remind her of the time when Mothers' Day was first instituted and no flower whatsoever, far less any white carnations, could be found in profusion enough for every mother's son to pay his trib-

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ute, but every flower in garden and field must yield of its sweetness if her Day were to be celebrated at all.

They next confess that no matter how able their followers may be, they one and all dread the oncoming march of time, know only too clearly that, the milestone of mid life once passed their professional value will decrease, year by year; whereas the mother reigns on supreme, her silvering hair a more compelling crown of glory.

Then thirdly, half gladly, half sorrowfully, they own up that they can never tell how many of their devotees deep down in the bottom of their hearts, Cinderella-like, are biding their time, merely waiting the day when they will each step forward and reign a queen supreme in a home of her own. Then again they tell you that no matter how exalted their ambition may be, a mother's ideal far out reaches them, for whereas they try to mend the lives around them, she creates new lives and trains boys and girls, who, for aught she can tell, may one day, like Lloyd George, hold vast destinies in their hands.

This last consideration clinches all. They know that only a mother understands the responsibility which character-building implies. They know that only a mother realizes the Christ-like patience with which she answers question after question, ninety-nine times out of a hundred so trifling that, like Bartle Massey, she might well think, "Animals are most agreeable companions, because they never

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criticize and never ask questions," yet when the hundredth question comes, it makes amends for all. That hundredth would tax the wit of the greatest philosopher that ever lived, and brings a glimpse of the glory from which the child has come, a ray of light from "the heaven which is His home."

But whilst the mother is taking her God-given place as the greatest of the professions, we cannot help wondering why, if her work is so intensely important, there is no royal road of training. Becky Sharp reckoned a well-filled purse all the training she needed, and declared that with an assured Five Thousand Pounds a year she, Becky, would pick apricots off the wall, dawdle in the nursery, and keep awake in church, the three characteristics, according to her, of respectable and well credited motherhood.

But we are not all Becky Sharp's, and we still ask why mothers need training to-day any more than yesterday. The truth is, times have changed. Your mother, the chances are, was one of nine or ten, whereas you yourself may be an "only," or next to an "only." Your mother nursed her younger brothers and sisters, darned their stockings, turned her hand to everything, whereas you, if you marry, will be almost afraid to handle your children when they come.

You cannot help being an only child, but you can set to work and get a good old-fashioned, practical training. You can determine that your knowledge of fudge-making will hardly keep your household in

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health or make your table such perchance that you "would never blush to ask the Apostle Paul to tea"; and therefore take a year in a Domestic Science Training School.

But good housekeeping after all amounts comparatively to little more than good tires on the wheels of a motor. You want to know how to care for a baby, nurse a sick child, manage a brood of healthy children. The question has been answered in England by the establishment of a Training School in which girls divide their time between a Crèche, a Sick Children's Hospital and a Kindergarten, and I hope the time is not long before such a training school may be established in Canada.

The Crèche is important, for it takes off a girl's first nervousness and gives her experience in handling children. Then secondly it puts her in touch with the trials and difficulties of less happily circumstanced mothers. It is pleasant to sing with Robert Louis Stevenson,

"How very nice it is to think
The world is full of meat and drink
And little children saying grace
In every kind of Christian place."

But you cannot live long in the world without discovering that, in a crowded boarding house, the world is anything but necessarily full of meat and drink, is still less anything but full of "little children saying grace in every kind of Christian place." You long to help your hard pressed neighbour and

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after training in the Crèche, if you have any heart at all, you could not, dare not,

“Perfumed and powdered, manicured and curled,
Let all the world go fling.”

so long as you and yours “are full of bread” and do not see the strife.

The three months in the Hospital will save you endless dollars to doctors and nurses. You will soon find that your expenses, as children come, grow far more rapidly than your purse. It is all very delightful again to sing,

“What though a man be money poor,
There’s honeysuckle at the door.”

Yet entrancing and romantic as honeysuckle it, it will not go far in illness, and you want to learn how to save every available dollar and cent.

After the hospital comes the Kindergarten. This may seem a waste of time, but it will help you more than you think. You are not only going to bring children into the world, you are going to train them for their future. Business men are summoning Conventions and trying to find out how we can raise the moral tone of the land, how train a boy so that his passion for dollars may not be fiercely accentuated and take possession of his soul.

You can do, far more for your boy than any Convention. You can give him such an outlook that he will never drift into a life of self-seeking, a life at the end of which Christ will find little save,

“The drip of the rain and the winter wind.”

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The three great essentials of character are, *obedience, truthfulness* and *purpose*. The Kindergarten will help you towards the first of these *self control* (obedience) at any rate. Ask yourself this. Why can you move and sway some twenty or thirty children in the kindergarten at will, when a mother cannot control some two or three at will? What is the secret of her failure and your success?

In the first place you never attempt to spoil children in the kindergarten as a mother spoils an only child at home. She never thinks it matters and cheerfully sings,

“Little Mistress Sans Merci
She has made a slave of me.
Go, she biddeth, and I go;
Come, and I am feign to come.
Yet I am content to be
Slave to little Mistress Sans Merci.”

This seems very delightful so long as Mistress Sans Merci is a tiny plaything, but anything but delightful to the mother when the poor wee child begins to grow tiresome and her spoiling turns into an everlasting argument punctuated by a perpetual “don’t.” The child’s nerves and hers get more and more hopelessly on edge till the situation culminates in a general sense of irritation, possibly on the one side not equal to that of the mother who left her fortune to an orphanage because orphans could not be ungrateful to their parents, nor on the other side to the callousness of the small boy who, when told that he had lost his mother, cried, “Guess they’ll soon find her again—”

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This question of obedience is worth any amount of trouble. Wesley's mother soon marked the strong personality of her boy and determined to teach him self-control. Her task was the harder when you bear in mind that she had nineteen children in twenty-one years and had to bring them up upon an income of \$150 a year. Yet twenty times a day, if necessary, she insisted upon obedience, and if her husband cried, "You told that child twenty times before he did it," replied, "Yes, but if I had stopped any sooner, all the other nineteen would have been lost."

One secret of good governing lies in thinking quietly before giving a command and not having to take it back again. If a nurse dare not twist and spoil a surgeon's instruments, you dare not twist and spoil your children's dispositions, who will be and ought to be, God's future instruments for carrying out His will in the world.

Remember that you are training your child not so much for time as for eternity, and if your little lad does not obey you whom he has seen, how is it likely he will obey God whom he has not seen?

The two next—truth and purpose—turn largely on your own determination and personality. Take the question of truth. Your boy watches you with the eyes of a lynx and detects the slightest discrepancy between what you do and what you say. You rejoice in his clinging to you and refusing to go to strangers till you are in a hurry and then you promise him a

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rocking-horse, a gun, anything, everything, if he will let you go. He sets you free—you forget—he never forgets. So, too, on the train, you threaten to throw him out of the window if he is not quiet, tell him the Kaiser will get him; he wriggles, and when the Kaiser fails to appear and nothing happens, sets you down as the biggest liar he has ever seen and determines to imitate you in his own small way at the first opportunity.

But apart from any question of example, you have to struggle against a natural bias to insincerity. Archbishop Temple, truthful to brusqueness, as Head Master of Rugby, was declared by the boys to be a beast, but a just beast. But he would have been the first to tell you that as a quick-witted little fellow he was forever taking chances and protesting if found out, that it would be all the same a hundred years hence. The evil grew till his father made him understand that every lie was hateful, and the letting out of a secret poison within the soul.

Then, thirdly, comes the question of purpose or out look. "*Ci-git le pauvre Louis, on dit qu'il fut bon, mais à quoi?*" It is that question of "*à quoi?*" which comes next. How are you going to knit up the respect and love of your children, first to yourself, and then to God? How are you to inspire them with a feeling akin to that which made Grover Cleveland exclaim on the eve of his election, "I should feel so much safer if my mother were here."

How can you give your children that feeling of

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confidence and safety? It lies chiefly in yourself. A sunny temper creates home atmosphere like a fire on the hearth, but a flickering temper blows the smoke down the chimney. If you are perpetually sorry for yourself, perpetually gathering a little handful of thorns and sitting down upon them, your children will either get out of the way or gather up their own handful of thorns and worry about them.

“We had a kettle and let it leak,
Our not repairing it made it worse.
We have not had any tea for a week.
The bottom is out of the universe.”

Quarrelling is as fatal to atmosphere as grumbling. The quick-witted little fellow who detects his younger brother's idiosyncracies, enjoys himself hugely teasing him and flinging stones, so to speak, down the well, chuckling at every plash and forgetting, as Aesop's frog somewhat plaintively remarks, that what is fun at the well's brink is death to the unfortunate frog at the bottom.

You win your children by a right atmosphere to those without as well as within. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said more public opinion was formed around the dinner table than anywhere else in the world. Children know instinctively whether their mother is amused by a discussion upon the eccentricities of her various neighbors' rubbish heaps, or whether, “things of night at her glance take fright,” and that with her as with St. Theresa, “absent people are safe and detraction counted as treachery.”

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But there is work without as well as attitude within. If your boy listens to whatever you delight in, work among Scouts, Settlements, Church work, he too gradually becomes enthusiastic and feels the necessity of putting out his life at higher interest for his country and his God.

But these emotions may be only passing feelings like the bunches of flowers planted around a Russian Prince's tent wherever he travelled, which withered no matter how assiduously they were watered at night. Your boy will reach a lasting sense of generosity only as his chivalry takes deeper root in loyalty to God. We neither breathe, think, nor walk till we are born into the physical world, and we neither breathe, think or move in a deeper sense, until we are born into the spiritual world. You cannot control that second birth, but you can influence your boy by an open acknowledgment of God as King in family prayers and grace at meals. St. Chrysostom called the Bible, "a fountain for watering the soul," and Dr. Cook, of Ulster, whose vast church in May Street was thronged by the keenest intellects for thirty-nine years, said that he owed all to his mother, and that out of the pure stream of his home and the word of God, he had gathered the five smooth stones which he had put in his shepherd's bag and with which year after year he smote the Philistine.

You want your boy to be clean to his heart's core, and under the personal influence of Christ, so that his future may be built upon a rock and not upon

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a sandy hill which flits and falls away. You can strive for that chiefly by your own personal dealing with your child. I know it takes self-denial, tired out at night, to spend a quarter of an hour at your child's bedside, yet no time is put out at higher interest than this. In the first place you are winning your child's heart. What chance would your boy have if, like a little school fellow, he muttered as he trudged down the school stairs, "Why can't Teachers be Mothers, they are so much nicer?" What chance would your girl have if, like her school fellow, she could plaintively remark, "I wish I had Monica's mother, she talks to her nights, if my mother wants anything I find a slip of paper pinned on my pin-cushion." The quiet talk may seem of little moment at the time. It is said parsley seed may go to the devil seven times before it comes up, but that you cheat the devil if you soak it in a cupful of water with just as much carbonate of soda in it as can be poised on the closed wings of a ladybird. Your evening talk cheats the devil far more effectively than you think, as your child holds on to—

"Your most comfortable hand,
Which leads him through the uneven land."

Fanny Burney's father used to say, "Fanny has bird lime in her brain; whatever lights there sticks." Whatever lights on the sensitive film of a child's brain the last thing at night will repeat itself over and over again in his dreams. It is enough to make angels weep to think of the precious time being spent

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over a fairy story or an Arabian Night's Dream, when a Bible story, a glimpse of life as God sees it, might make a first proof print upon the character of the child. The Duke of Wellington cried, "Exclude the Bible from the school and you get clever devils." Exclude the Bible from your evening talks with your child and one of your best chances is gone.

But you say you are not a teacher and can do little. Why do you fear? "For a web begun, God sends thread." You long that the little fellow so caressingly clinging to you, the wee laddie who "such long years must wander on through hopes and fears," should feel the lasting power of your love,

"If I should drown in the deepest sea,
I know whose voice would come down to me,
O, Mother o' mine, O, Mother o' mine.

"If I should hang on the highest hill,
I know whose love would come up to me still,
O, Mother o' mine, O, Mother o' mine.

"If I should be damned in both body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole.
O, Mother o' mine, O, Mother o' mine."

But you, alas, must one day leave him, and, therefore, you cannot rest until you pass his hand into a far stronger grip than yours, a pierced Hand. For this you must use every passing hour wisely so that when, like Moses, he launches out into the world, he will have such deep underlying principles that he can withstand sophistry as enticing as the wisdom of the University of On, can resist pride of place and

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power as intoxicating as Pharaoh's Court. You want in the midst of the seething wickedness of today, like Hannah and Eunice, to steep your boy so deeply in God's lore that, if the call comes, like Samuel, he may reform his country or, like Timothy, he may be fitted to succour even a St. Paul.

You have your chance. The gauntlet, flung yesterday at the feet of the men, today is lying at your feet. Instead of slaking your thirst for society and pleasure, will you give of the pure water of life to your children as freely as the French gunners who, instead of slaking their thirst, poured the longed for cooling water on their heated guns?

It is a question first of your country. A pure home safeguards a country as an Ironclad in the North Sea safeguards the future of the world. It is a question, secondly, of your child. A true Mother is God's greatest gift. When Christ would give of His Royal bounty at parting to His two best beloved, upon whom His dying eye rested, He could think of nothing greater than the gift to His Mother of a son, to His friend of a Mother; He could utter no more comforting words than, "Son, behold thy Mother, Mother behold thy Son."

THE GREAT CHOICE

CHAPTER XX

THE GREAT CHOICE

THE professions have said their say, they have made their appeal and stand ready awaiting your decision. You dare not take it lightly. You thank God that you are needed sorely at a crisis, as women always have been and will be so long as the world endures. History tells us that Dr. Strachan, the statesman of the long ago in Canada, stood one evening at a window with folded arms, and whistled in grim despair, as an ever-reddening glow lit up the surrounding circle of dark forest, and the church, the centre of his activities, was swallowed up in a living sheet of flame. He tells us later, that time and again he must have lost heart in the struggle against overwhelming odds, but for the consciousness that "the women of the land remained."

Those women took a brave stand and they bid you follow fearlessly in their steps. They call upon you to uphold chivalrously the standard which they bequeathed, and pass it on to your children, with never a touch of dust or self upon it.

It is true you have not to struggle against such an east wind of hardship as they had. You know nothing of their logging by day, and spinning by night at the light of a wisp of flannel floating in



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oil. Yet, if you have not an identical type of hardship, you have a greater responsibility. You are one of Christ's "knights of the air on high adventure bound," You have to launch your craft "on seas that stretch beyond your furthest ken." Your adventure stretches even further than theirs, for you have a vote and a stake in the Government, which they never dreamed of, you have a torch flung at your feet from Flander's fields,

"Sons of this place, let this of you be said,
That you who live are worthy of your dead,
They gave their lives that you who live might reap
A richer harvest ere you fall asleep."

The taking up of that torch is a stern reality, you dare not shirk it. You would break your heart if you were useless and left out of the strife.

What does the taking up of that torch imply? It is, first, asking Christ's pardon and dedicating yourself to his service. It is next studying Christ's Drill Book till your sleepy conscience is alert and active, and placing yourself under His influence till you are on fire for Him and for His service. That fire forbids selfishness, *i.e.*, incessant planning, thinking and talking about self, it demands unselfishness, that is to say, solving the eternal problem of profit and loss. You hesitate and delay, and Christ grieves at the pitifulness of each excuse, the childishness of each trifle which holds you back. Your choice lies like that of every soldier who has gone before you between the world on one side and Christ and your own soul

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on the other. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Christ was the first who resisted temptation and made His choice for you. What do you understand by your choice? Is it a question of straightforward daring, the Christianity of a Sir Douglas Haig, of an Admiral Beatty, of our own beloved King George and Queen Mary? If so, it will have two distinct features. In the first place it will be a living Christianity, not a dead routine. It will be miles asunder from the deadness of the Mohammedan, who, when asked why he was turning to Mecca and prostrating himself, replied, "Allah alone knows, but it is ordered."

Secondly, it will be a Christianity of definite struggle, like that of a young Squire who as he came of age passed into the ancestral hall of his haunted castle and there fought one by one, like his forefathers before him, the hideous spectres, the great enemies of his race. Christ, our great General, undertook a like struggle. He left the joy of heaven, stepped out of his quiet home at Nazareth, touched the cancer of sin and stepped forward unflinchingly to the Cross.

You long to follow in his footsteps, but you want to know "how?" There is only one answer; the cry of the Catechism rings out from century to century: "Not of thyself, not of thyself." Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress discovered the impotence of self. He fled for life, but the burden of his sin grew

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heavier and heavier as he stumbled through the Slough of Despond, as he fled from the fiery darts of the mountain, till "at the foot of the Cross his heavy burden rolled off his shoulders and he saw it no more."

You discover the meaning of: "Not of thyself" as you touch Christ personally, as He casts your sin far as the East from the West, as He indwells, a mighty power, enabling you to vaster achievement.

You need this indwelling, for like Joshua you are, at the turning point of your life. You see him stealing out of the sleeping camp and lifting his eyes in astonishment at the sight of a Stranger standing under the walls of Jericho with a drawn sword in his hand. Is it one of the dreaded giants of the City? Or is it the immediate presence of God? The cry almost dries up upon his lips, "Art thou for us or for our adversaries?" and his heart leaps at the reply, "Nay, but as Captain of the Lord's hosts am I now come."

Your future life depends upon how far in God's strength you are dedicating yourself body and spirit to that Captain. You want to rebuild a land of faith, truth, and chivalry but you effect only as you think out how to do it. How was the first Canada built? We are told that a fine breed of Scotchmen, Irishmen and U. E. Loyalists took a strong hand in turning Canada from carelessness to God. The secret of their strength lay first "a deep consciousness that God and His ways and all His laws were written

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everywhere about them." Secondly they shamed their fellow-settlers by their "sturdy industry, frugality and patience." Thirdly they won all hearts by their "exemplary kindness to one another, and above all, to the stranger within the gate."

How did they maintain such a high standard? In the first place they understood how to make the most of Sunday, and instead of searching like the older settlers in Governor Simcoe's time for "amusements in which they might consume the day," they gathered in companies for worship here and there, through the bush and with only a trail to go by. "When I had shoes," said one, "I took them off to cross the river. I found I could stick better to the logs without them."

Secondly, they understood making the most of the Bible. Writer after writer tells us how a mother set aside her spinning-wheel and evening after evening brought back "a consciousness of God with effect to the recollection of her husband and to the notice of her children." The boys every here and there understood reading and thinking for themselves. Night after night Joseph Gould read his Bible "by the light of logs piled tier upon tier in the chimney corner."

You need every help which they possessed, and more, for you are called to a far harder task. They followed Christ in the solitude of the forest, you follow Him amid the jeer of the crowd. You are powerless in yourself like the young mechanic who stood before a spinning wheel, but could effect noth-

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ing till Arkwright chanced to visit his cottage, and, drawing a bit of chalk from his pocket, touched the strap and the wheel went round. You want a compelling touch from Christ, a love which will enable you to "march with God to smite the lies which vex His weary earth."

What use are you making of the chances you already have? Is Church a place in which you idle away your time, watching the eccentricities of your neighbors, as the barber at a Church Congress idled his time, marvelling at the multitude of bald heads everywhere around him? Is Church to you a mere enjoyment, a place of uplifting music, and a thrilling sermon, or is it a personal meeting with Christ? Is reading your Bible a dutiful scurrying across a chapter, followed by the mechanical recitation of a prayer? Or is it a listening to and waiting upon the voice of Christ?

You dare not loiter, for Christ is reckoning upon you to see His conflict through. The Heaven of your reflection in the hereafter will be the chances which you have taken for Him; the hell of your reflection, the chances which you have lost. You dare not loiter a moment for the time is coming, nay, is at hand in which He will appear and call you to His side that He may hear the lesson which you might have learnt.

That lesson may and will involve endurance and loss but that is neither here nor there. Peter cared nothing for being scourged, nor for being in prison,

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not even for being crucified, head downwards. What he did grieve over was that he fell asleep at a critical moment in the garden; that he warmed himself at the fire at a still more critical moment, and denied Christ. For that he wept bitterly, for that he re-dedicated himself body, soul and spirit, to the service of his Master.

That lesson will involve living for others rather than for self, holding money, intellect, talent, not as hoarded like Judas for the purchase of an earthly chancellorship, but at the service of your Lord.

You remember the old Indian legend of Krishna, lord of light? He bade Yama build up the deeds of his loving servant, Chandra Das, till they formed a causeway along which the people of the Mada Principality climbed up to Heaven from hell. Your Master Christ is calling you to co-operate with Him, is bidding you, by loving acts, build a rainbow stairway which will make it easier for the men and women of your day, and after your day, to climb up to heaven from the hell of temptation everywhere around them.

In Old Country churches you see every here and there the carved figure of a Crusader, his legs crossed "in token that he will not fear Christ crucified to own," in token that he "will not rest till Jerusalem is won."

It is yours to pledge yourself as relentlessly as the Crusader, it is yours to press forward as ceaselessly to the right.

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"I will not stay from mental strife,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till I have built Jerusalem
In this our fair and pleasant land."

Christ has a supreme claim upon your service.
He bids you fight till the day comes when

"He will make the meaning plain
Of the battlefields of service
And of the crucifix of pain."

But you say: Who is sufficient for these things?
Neither you nor I, nor any one save Christ Himself.
But Christ working in you can suffice and will suffice
according as you pray

"The pathway of Thy Cross
To follow I desire.
Out of my weakness, fashion, Lord,
A character of fire."

and that your iron purpose may grow, your character
deepen till, at long last, you leave

"Your home, your own
Kindred and friends, and house alight
And in the deep and silent night
Go forth to meet your Lord alone."

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BANKING

Requirements: A good education.

Terms: \$400 per year in country; \$500 in city, for first year. (Larger amounts in the West). An increase usually of a hundred dollars a year. \$50 more per year for knowledge of stenography. Maximum, \$1,200.

COMMERCIAL AND APPLIED ARTS

Requirements: Natural aptitude for Drawing. Good technical grounding. Eight months' specialist's course. Fees: \$80.00; materials, \$15.00. Some scholarships available and remunerative work provided.

Terms: \$5 to \$20.00 per week at first, with increases for efficiency. \$60 a week has been secured by some.

COMMERCIAL TELEGRAPHY

Requirements: Public School Education. High School Entrance, if possible. Six months' course. Fees: \$70 to \$80.00.

Terms: \$85.00 to \$110 per month. Maximum, \$140.00, with knowledge of typewriting.

DEACONESS

Requirements: A good education preferred; at least High School Entrance desirable. Course—two years for Deaconess Diploma or Nursing Diploma.

Terms: \$300 up to \$700, without board. Foreign field, \$700 per year.

SPECIAL SOCIAL SERVICE WORK

Requirements: Course—two years. Expense—tuition fees, \$40.00 per year.

Terms: \$900 to \$1,200.

DENTISTRY

Requirements: Strong physique. Good nerve. Mechanical turn. Matriculation, or Second-class certificate, with Latin. Course, 4 years. Expenses: \$150 per year. Books \$30 per year. Hospital class and Infirmary, \$12.00 per year, and Maintenance.

Terms: \$1,200 to \$2,500 per year according to clientele and practice.

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DENTAL NURSING

Requirements: A special seven months' course, qualifying for nursing attendance at dental office, includes thirteen subjects.

Expense: The registration fee is \$10.00; Tuition fee, \$20.00; Books and Maintenance in addition.

Terms: \$15 to \$25.00 a week.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Requirements: Junior Matriculation, with Latin, Mathematics; two Languages, and one Science of first year University. Four year course. Expense: Maintenance, books and sixty dollars University fees each year.

Terms: \$1,000 to \$3,000 per annum.

DRESSMAKING

Requirements: Good physique. Eye for form, color and artistic effect. Skilled needlewoman. For Manager—good business woman.

Terms: \$10.00 at first. \$12.00 to \$14.00 for second year. \$16 for fitters.

FACTORY WORK

Requirements: Public school education.

Terms: \$8 per week for girl of 14 years old. \$10 per week for girl of 16 years old. \$12 per week for girl of 17 years old. Skilled worker, \$12.00 to \$20.00 per week. Supervisor, \$18 to \$30.00 per week.

FINE ARTS

Requirements: Natural aptitude and artistic temperament. Four years' course. Expense—\$80.00 per year.

Terms: Income variable and uncertain. Those who excel receive good remuneration.

FARMING

I. *Small Farming:* Bees and Poultry a specialty. Three to five acres of good land near village or town (not more than \$250 an acre for bare land). Equipment, including building, implements, poultry, bees, fruit, with five acres of land—\$3,500. Revenue, after third year: Poultry, \$800; Bees, \$325; Fruit, \$200. Where the farmer is experienced and desires to handle a large number of hives it will be necessary to go to a section, producing large area of alsike and white clover.

II. *Market Garden Specialty:* Two to five years' experience advisable. Five acres, \$300 maximum for bare land. Equipment, \$1,300, with tract of land and buildings additional. Revenue,

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- after third year, at least \$1,500. Soil should be of sandy loam, like clay loam, or well-drained muck. Property should be not more than two miles from station for unloading fertilizer.
- III. *Mixed Farming with truck garden specialty:* Twenty to twenty-five acres (\$125 per acre, maximum value). To produce poultry, bees and canning factory crops. Would cultivate sixteen to twenty acres of four year rotation (grain, clover, pasture). Equipment, with land, house and other buildings, about \$5,000.
- IV. *Mixed Farming with dairy specialty:* Twenty-five acres, \$100 to \$125 per acre for bare land. Three year rotation: grain, clover, root crops. Equipment, buildings (including silo) and land, \$5,000. Revenue, \$1,200 by second or third year. Should be within easy reach of factory, or have good shipping facilities. It is questionable whether a dairy farm of this type should depend upon a creamery or cheese factory for its market.
- V. *Small Fruit Farming:* Two to ten acres at \$400 an acre, maximum. Three years' experience advisable. Land (10 acres at \$300 per acre), equipment, plant and buildings, \$5,500. Returns, \$2,000 increasing to \$25,000. If orchard is intercropped with vegetables within will bring additional revenue. Should be near canning factory, good market or good shipping station.

HOUSE HELP

- Mother's Help:* Girls from fifteen years of age and upwards, \$20.00 per month and maintenance.
- General Servant:* \$30.00 per month and maintenance.
- General and Cook:* \$35 to \$40.00 per month and maintenance.
- Cook:* \$40 to \$60.00 per month and maintenance
- House and Parlor Maid:* \$30 to \$35 per month and maintenance.
- Laundress:* \$40 per month and maintenance.
- Housekeepers:* \$40 to \$60 per month and maintenance.

KINDERGARTEN

- Requirements:* Matriculation. Musical and artistic temperament. Intense love of children. One year theoretical and practical study. Expense: Maintenance, materials.
- Terms:* \$600, half day work. \$800, whole day work. Increase \$50 a year. Directors: \$700 for half day work. \$800 for all day work. Increase, \$100 a year. Maximum, \$1,500 a year.

LADY'S COMPANION

- Terms:* \$20 to \$30 per month and maintenance.

LAW

- Requirements:* Matriculation, or Degree in Arts or Law. Course: Three years for graduate; five years' course (two in law office) for non graduate. Expense: Tuition \$100 per year. Registration fee, \$51.00. First year student can easily get \$5.00 per

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week in law office; a second year student, \$7.50; a third year student, \$12.00.

Terms: A graduate lawyer occasionally starts with a \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year.

LIBRARIAN

Requirements: Good education and ability. Government standard qualification in the near future.

Terms: Salary in city libraries, first year, \$650; second year, \$700; third year, \$750 after successful test by examination; fourth year, \$800. Superintendents of Departments receive \$1,000. Superintendents of Branches, \$1,200. Out of town salaries indefinite.

MEDICINE

Requirements: Junior Matriculation, including Latin. Course, six years. Expense: \$150 per year. Books (\$35.00 per year) and maintenance.

Terms: \$1,500 to \$4,000 per annum.

MILLINERY

Requirements: Good eye for color, form, fabric, and artistic effect. One year training.

Terms: \$6.00 per week for beginners. \$14.00 for improvers. \$20.00 to \$25.00 for expert trimmers.

MUSIC

Requirements: Matriculation, or its equivalent. Musical talent, with natural aptitude for teaching. From three to five years' advanced study, leading up to a musical degree. Expenses: Maintenance, music books, and from \$300 to \$1,000 in fees a year.

Terms: \$600 to \$3,000, according to clientele, musical standing and fees demanded.

NURSERY GOVERNESS

Terms: For girls of 15 years old and upwards, \$40 per month and maintenance.

NURSING

Requirements: Two years in High School. Some Hospitals require Matriculation. Three years' training in hospital work. (Tuition, maintenance and uniforms provided. In certain Hospitals small monthly allowance. In good Hospitals excellent residence.)

Terms: Institution work, \$600 to \$2,500, with maintenance. Public Welfare work \$900 to \$2,500, with maintenance. Private Nursing, \$24.50 to \$35.00, with maintenance while on cases.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Requirements: Average intelligence and education.

Terms: Gallery Assistant, \$7.00 per week. Spotter, \$8 to \$10 per week. Producer in spotting, \$10.00. Retouching negatives, \$12.00 to \$20.00. Artists, \$26.00. Studio work—in Reception room, \$16.00 to \$18.00. (Good knowledge of human nature required.) Operators, \$20 to \$25.00. (As high as \$40.00 has been given.)

PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHING

Requirements: Second-class certificate, with Normal training.

Terms: Ontario—Public Schools, \$500 to \$2,500. Average in cities, \$934.00; in towns, \$670.00; in villages, \$615.00; in country, \$640.00.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHING

Requirements: Degree in Arts, with one year course at Faculty of Education.

Terms: \$700 to \$2,600. Average, \$1,080.00.

SALESMANSHIP

Requirements: High School Entrance, if possible. (Appearance and Deportment are taken into consideration.)

Terms: \$9.00 to \$12.00 per week for beginners; \$12.00 to \$14.00 second year.

STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING

Requirements: High School Education preferred. High School Entrance necessary. Course—six months. Expense—\$85.00 for tuition and books.

Terms: \$12.00 to \$18.00 a week at first; with instances of increase to \$25.00. Private Secretary—from \$60.00 to \$100 per month.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Requirements: Public School education. Sixteen years of age or upwards. Medical examination. \$10.00 per week paid while learning operating.

Terms: \$11.00 at first. \$12.00 for second six months. \$13.00 for second year, up to \$17.00 for fourth year. Supervisor—\$19.00 per week. Maximum wage, \$20.00.

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